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THE MINSTREL'S WEDDING.

There lived of old a Minstrel,
And he sang him many a lay,
And he asked his boon companions
To come to his wedding-day.
No bride was there to meet them,
But they quaffed the Minstrel's wine;
"Let us pledge the *one*," they shouted;
Qouth he, "You must pledge *all nine!*

"For t'was this day, now a twelvemonth,
That I sung my first sweet lay,
And got married to all the Muses;
So this is my wedding-day."

Said a guest, as the wine passed freely,
"No wedding like that for me;
I have gold and I've land, and hold it
In trust for my progeny."
Where now is the land he spoke of?
The heirs of that guest where they!
All! all have been long forgotten!
And there lives but the Minstrel's lay.

But even the name of the Minsrrel,
Who sang him many a lay,
Is lost, like his boon companions,
Who came to his wedding-day.

THE TRACK OF BLOOD;

OR,

CRIME IN THE CITY AND WAR IN THE LAND

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE,

Among the High and the Low, the Rich and the Poor, the Good and the Bad.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HECTOR TRIPOD, U. S. A.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER SHORT CHAPTER, IN WHICH A GREAT DEAL LEFT DOUBTFUL IN THE FORMER IS EXPLAINED—AN AFFECTIONATE UNCLE—DARCIE FOR REPRISALS—JOHN BENSON AT HOME WITH A FRIEND—A DREAM SIGNIFICANT OF THE PAST, BUT SAYING NOTHING FOR THE FUTURE.

The elder Benson, full of hate and resentment towards his nephew, did not intend to let him go scot free from vengeance—that is, if he could help it. Since the splitting in two sections of the gang to which both belonged, affairs had gone wrong with the uncle. To add to his disquietude, he had heard that his arch enemy, Old Carry (for such he considered her,) had taken service under Harry. Some qualification to the pang that shot through the old miscreant's heart, in hearing this news, was afforded in the intelligence, rapidly conveyed to him, relative to the scene on board the Great Eastern. But a greater satisfaction was his, on reading in the papers the account of how the body of the murdered Freeman had been discovered. That Henry Benson was the slayer, his uncle felt convinced in his own mind, and he did his all to make other persons think so too—among these, Detective McQuaff; but keenly scented as that individual was in such cases, and proud as he would have been to have ferreted out the murderer of Freeman, there was nothing of use to him in what John Benson could record. He perhaps astonished that person, while it is certain he disappointed him, by the intimation that he (McQuaff) had been present on board the Great Eastern when the difficulty between Freeman and Harry had occurred. "I took a note of the business then," coolly remarked the detective, while old Benson was urging him to arrest Harry; "I took a note of it, I say, at the proper time—deeming it possible it might form a link in the chain of evidence at some future date. But as the business stands now, there is not enough to warrant even a detective in arresting your relation, notwithstanding his previous bad character, and his close connection with you, *Mister* John Benson!"

There was a cutting irony in the words of the detective, that wounded his auditor to the quick. It was not alone mortification on finding McQuaff was not quite so certain as he was, relative to the guilt of the sailor, that stung him; but a strong expression of contempt, as well. Though professionally a hunter up of crime, and intimately acquainted with criminals, McQuaff could not help loathing the man, who, it was manifest to him, would have sold his own flesh and blood to the gallows to resent a petty quarrel. The two men afterwards separated—the detective with an ejaculation of wonder, why the gallows had not had old Benson as yet; that desperado, with an unspoken aspiration that McQuaff might break his neck over the next doorstep he came to.

Like his nephew, John Benson had his confederate. The person he had *elevated* to this distinction was an old confederate, with whom, on the same night as Henry was in council with Giles over in Westchester, the more aged villain was in serious confab in New York. The place of the rogues' meeting was the house in which the relations, now at such bitter enmity with one another, had often met. The interview was protracted beyond midnight, and when, at last, the confederates parted, it was with an understanding that the life of Henry Benson should be attempted soon. There was glee to his father's brother in the thought; and he laughed merrily as it flashed through his heated brain.

That night, John Benson had a dream; and thus wise did it run:—He was an adventurer, cast on the city of New York, with a large ambition, yet no means, save cunning, to fight his way to fortune. He had a few acquaintances among the fast men of the period, by whose guidance and instruction he was enabled to make his first fortunate step. He won a prize at the gaming table, and on the proceeds, under an assumed name, the pretence that he was a foreigner, and in splendid array, made his *debut* in the fashionable world. At that time, there was a rich and good man living in New York. He had a wife, a son, and a daughter. The daughter was very beautiful, and had for a domestic, a female in whom she reposed the greatest trust. This woman was about her own age, and tolerably good-looking. She was a wily creature, too, and very convenient in carrying on a clandestine courtship between her young lady and the strange gentleman.

There was an elopement, a marriage, and a departure to the old world. The birth of a child—a girl—followed; then came an estrangement between man and wife, because *he* was faithless and a brute, and *she* of high spirit; a connection between this husband and the woman that his lady had brought out with her; the wife's return to New York, while yet the mother of a few months, for the purpose of craving the forgiveness of her parents, and their fostering care of their grandchild. Then, too, came a pursuit by this bad husband, and his shameless paramour; their arrival in New York, and their putting up at the same hotel as that selected by their victim; their abject poverty at that moment; their knowledge that she who was slumbering with her infant a few rooms off had money and jewels enough about her; the insinuation of the man that it would be best to kill the woman and decamp with her valuables; and the importunity of the mistress, that no murder should be attempted, though robbery might be fully accomplished; and the man's promise that he would not dye his hands in blood. All this in the most perfect order; then, as the concluding act in the drama of retrospection, the cruel murder of the wife; the rifling of her trunks; the flight of the murderer and his companion; the burial of the victim, as an unknown woman; and the adoption, by some public charity, of the little wailing child left behind.

Into such a form did the dream of John Benson realise itself. He it was who must be recognised as the dashing, fashionable Schyler of twenty-seven years ago; it was the victim who had perished beneath his hand, who might have called herself his wife; it was that lady's maid, who had become the mistress of the murderer, and had grown to be known as Old Carry; and it was the daughter of *his* ill-starred union with Miss Bleackley, who had lived to be the outcast of society—poor Jane! The threads had been drawn through many long years. Where are they leading you now, John Benson?

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. LORRIMER AND MORTIMER JENNINGS—A NEW IDEA OF VENGEANCE FOR SUPPOSED WRONGED INSULT—THE PROPOSITION, AND HOW IT WAS RECEIVED—A WOMAN'S PASSION, HER VISION, HER MALEDICTION, AND HER DEATH.

Mortimer Jennings continued to stick very close to the skirts of Mrs. Lorrimer, emulous of the reward which he had been promised; at the same time that she was confident in his zeal in her behalf. But this only up to a particular date. An entire month had elapsed since the alleged "outrage" by Edward Bleackley. During that interval, several meetings had been held at Mrs. Lorrimer's house on Broadway, to concert measures for the ruin of the young man who had been insensible to the blandishments before which so many other men had knelt in homage. From these meetings, Henry Benson had gradually absented himself—having "other fish in the net," as he observed. Jennings was consequently left as the sole aid and champion of Mrs. Lorrimer, and was so induced to give the biggest promises—promises which he never could fulfil.

In view of the circumstances, it could not be thought singular that the frail yet beautiful woman, panting like a tigress for her prey, should come to a sudden resolve, which promised her the vengeance she coveted, and would, beside, prove the sincerity of her accomplice. The nature of this resolve will be plain to the reader, through the brief conversation which we are about to set down as occurring between Mrs. Lorrimer and Jennings.

It was night. The scheming woman had been awaiting with some impatience the tardy arrival of her accomplice. He came at length, but it was with only the reiterated pledge of doing the behest of the fair temptress by his side. He had no new plan to suggest, when a new plan was so essential; and he was of course silent respecting the old one, since Henry Benson had seceded from their conspiracy.

"It is time that something was done in this affair," commenced Mrs. Lorrimer, out of humor. "You know, as well as I do, how gross an affront this Edward Bleackley passed on me in this very room, no long time ago. You have promised to help me in accomplishing vengeance."

"I have," protested Mortimer, "and I am willing and ready to redeem my word at any moment."

These latter words he gave confidently, because he did not entertain a thought of the sort of vengeance Mrs. Lorrimer's mind was full of.

"Yet, you say nothing of the kind of vengeance you will work out for me, nor of the time or place. What am I to understand from this?"

"You know what our plot was, when Benson was with us," stammered out Jennings, evidently put to the nonplus.

"But Benson is not with us now," retorted Mrs. Lorrimer, sharply; "and something beside what has been considered must be taken in hand. Cannot your invention help you in this difficulty?"

"My invention!" exclaimed Jennings, as though suddenly taken back. "No—not now—some other time, perhaps."

"Let woman's wit serve you, then," said Mrs. Lorrimer. "Hear me! You must challenge Edward Bleackley!"

"Challenge him!" ejaculated Mortimer, expressing the utmost astonishment.

"And kill him—if you can!"

This was too much for the gentleman. The drops of perspiration fairly oozed from his forehead, and he sank on a chair, as though to save himself from falling.

"What you ask is impossible," he at length gasped out. "Know you not that it is against the law?"

"Against the law!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorrimer, with deep bitterness: "so is the frequenting of gaming houses, the playing with trick dice and cards, the selling of races, and the like. Against the law! So has been the whole course of your life, Mortimer Jennings; and what a loyal man *you* ought to be!"

Mrs. Lorrimer's companion was unlike Henry Benson in many things, but in none more so than in his utter incapacity to extricate himself from a difficulty. Had the sailor been in the place of his guardian friend, he would have said something to mollify the lady; he would have led her on to believe that the vengeance she desired would be wrought out on her enemy; and would have left her, that evening at least, as high in her favor as Jennings was getting low. What added bitterness to her feelings towards him, was the implication of cowardice, distinguishable in his speech. Women, bad or good, hate poltroons; it is their nature to do so.

Still feeling very uncomfortable, and still hesitating what to do, Mortimer Jennings stammered out:

"Perhaps, everything considered, it would be our best plan to drop this Bleackley. He is going to be married very soon, I hear, and he has hosts of rich friends, so that, were he taken off even by secret means, (and we could get plenty of people to aid us in that, for an adequate reward) the probabilities are that we might come to harm. Let him drift on in his own course, I say; and if my devotion, my love can be acceptable to you, I here make a free offering of them."

Jennings had made an effort to deliver himself of these words, which he accompanied by a suitable action. Approaching Mrs. Lorrimer with extended arms, he would have enfolded her in them, had she not suddenly, rising from her chair, drawn herself to her full height, and with a loud, imperious voice, bade Mortimer to remain where he was. At that moment, she was a striking picture of wicked beauty; Jennings, as striking an illustration of sin and madness combined. Mrs. Lorrimer spoke:

"And are you the man (she commenced) to whom I ever extended the favors of my person? Shame on me that I did so! You, the meanest of all creatures! I must have been infatuated at the moment, and equally infatuated when I promised what I did, in the event of your serving my purpose on Edward Bleackley. And he, too, the heartless wretch! He to scorn the advances of the woman once deemed so beautiful, and whose least look has brought the magnates of the land to her feet! Then, there is Harry Benson—cheated and laughed at by him as well! Oh, God! that it should come to this! My brain and my heart—the one seems ice, the other fire. Help! help! Is there none near to aid me?"

Jennings made a movement forward, but there was a second command for him to stand where he was, uttered more vehemently than before. Mrs. Lorrimer resumed:

"No! there is none to bring me aid or consolation; and yet, how much I need them both! Ah! what is that I see before me? It is my lovers in array—the high and the mighty, who have bowed to me; and they would do so again were they alive. And what figure is that which rises in the midst? Oh, it is that of Bleackley! There is a jeer on his face, and he whispers to the many around him, and then points to me with the finger of scorn, and the laugh on his lips increases! There, the others laugh and point at me, till all my sight takes in are cruel faces and fingers, and all I hear is the laugh of the throng that encircles me! Vanish, I say! Be mute! No? Then with strong arms and an envenomed tongue, must I come among you, and spit destruction in your faces. There!"

The words of Mrs. Lorrimer will denote her action, more than it is possible for any words of ours to do. At the same time, there was something about her face that gave warning of the fatal change coming over her. That came pretty soon. The arms, only a moment before in such violent action, relaxed and fell by her side; the lips which were yet moist from the action she had devoted them to, suddenly became rigid; her jaw fell, her eyes fixed, and she fell, a dead weight, on the rich carpet of her room.

In the horror and confusion of the moment, Mortimer Jennings rang the bell and called for help; then sank in the chair he had left, and covered his face with his trembling hands.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FEMALE ROPE WALKER.

A WAGER ON LIFE AND DEATH.

I sat smoking my morning cigar under the lime trees which shade the parade of Tunbridge Wells. The band in the orchestra over the fruit shop was playing pleasant tunes from some opera. The music was just distinct enough to fall softly and dreamily upon the ear; the airs were sufficiently familiar to release me from the anxiety of listening. In waves, now distinct and loud, now faint and vague—swelling up to the *fluctus decumanus*, and lapsing down therefrom—the sounds came, not obtruding themselves as music, but contented to serve as an accompaniment to the pageant of the people passing and repassing before me, and to the desultory ebbing and flowing of my own thoughts.

Even while I was dreaming, and had ceased to notice the passers to and fro, I was recalled to the actual scene by some one addressing me.

"I beg pardon, sir. Might I trouble you for a light?"

I handed my cigar, and discovered by the contact of a dirty yellow glove, that the person who addressed me was no other than the sporting man whom I had noted as a fresh arrival that morning.

Closer proximity did not lessen my dislike of him. Very light trousers, long-flapped waistcoat, cut-away coat, shawl-patterned scarf, with that horrible bullion pin—this dress was surmounted by a face cunning and hard, a little inclined to the Jewish cast, but not proclamably Jewish.

This cunning hard face (to complete my picture) was again surmounted by a black opera hat, very flat and narrow at the brim, and of concave outline. The big hands and the dirty yellow gloves I have already noticed.

"Slow place this, sir, very," he said, as he lighted his cigar.

"Fine woman that, sir. Fine action, I call that, now," he said, as the lady whom I have called above a "type of womanhood" came sweeping majestically down the parade. There was something so offensive in that man's presumption, even to look at that lady, that I turned my chair so as to bring my back towards him.

Not a whit disconcerted, he came round in front of me again. Looking up at him in surprise at his impudence, I saw a diabolical grin on his face. He was nodding his head towards some people who were coming down the parade towards us.

These people I found to be a girl and a little boy, both meagerly and shabbily dressed—brother and sister, from the likeness between them. The girl might be some sixteen or eighteen years old, thin and tall, and with a face which acquired a certain beauty from a pair of shy, hazel eyes. As I first saw her, these eyes were fixed upon the man standing by me, with a look in them seemingly of half terror. The little boy, whose hand was clasped in his sister's, was outstaring the man with a ferociousnss of aspect which an adult face could not have surpassed.

"That's the little girl," my friend companion said to me; "that's the little girl that does the Blondin trick." And then to her, waving his hand as they passed, "I shall be there, my dear, never you fear. You won't catch me neglecting you."

They passed quickly by, the girl trying to smile a friendly recognition; the boy intensifying, if possible, his ferocity of countenance.

"That's the little girl that does the Blondin trick," repeated the sporting man, with a strange air of triumph. "You've seen the little filly. All fair and above board. Now, will you back her? I'm game to any amount. I have one thousand five hundred pounds against that little girl already. An even bet in ponies now. Come, sir, there's nothing better going on; let us do a little business this morning."

"I never bet."

"All right sir. No offence, I hope," he said, cooling down from his momentary enthusiasm into his former cringing manner. "I am pretty certain of winning," he went on, after a pause, speaking in a confidential tone, and as if he were paying me a propitiatory compliment in letting me into his schemes. "She must tumble some day. She had fits when she was younger. I got that out of her myself, before she knew my game. Then she's too tall, and not wiry enough for the work. Bad constitution—hysterical. I've had medical advice on her, on the sly. I'm pretty safe. They can't stretch the rope enough, you see, travelling as they do. New ground every day—sometimes sandy—that don't half hold. No regular point for fixing her eye upon. Then she's none the more easy for seeing me every time, before she mounts. Everything's against her, and in my favor. With two performances a day, she can't last the year's end. That's my time. I bet you she falls before the first of January next. I'll give odds if you'll bet. One thousand five hundred pounds I have on it at this blessed moment!"

He pulled out his betting book, and I got up and left him. It was with difficulty that I restrained my tongue and my foot; but the fellow had evidently been drinking, and it is absurd to quarrel with a drunken blackguard in a public place.

His talk recalled to me sundry placards which, by their big letters and astonishing pictures, had arrested my attention in the town:—

"JOWLES' CIRCUS! GO AND SEE THE FEMALE FUNAMBULIST, THE FAVORITE PUPIL OF BLONDIN!!"

Some such inscription, in flaming letters of red and blue, the man's talk brought vividly before me.

I found a small handbill posted upon one of the trees, and stopped and glanced through it:—

"Magnificent procession through the town at one o'clock precisely..Morning and Evening Performances..Brass Band.. Bounding Brothers of Olympus..Star Riders..Flying Acts, &c." —the common announcements, and last of all, at the bottom of the bill, in emphatic letters:—

"Gratis! Before the morning and evening performances, the Female Funambulist will perform her terrific ascent and descent in the open air, on a rope from the top of a circus-pole, one hundred feet in height, to the ground. No charge! Come and see her!"

The band still played, the promenaders continued to pass to and fro; but as I sauntered under the trees, my thoughts followed the Female Funambulist. I had seen Blondin and the wondrous Leotard, and had admired their nerve, strength, and skill, while at the same time I protested against such exhibitions. Theoretically I was convinced that the whole tendency of these performances was bad—most educated people agree on that point; but, like other educated people, I had helped to swell the crowd whose attendance makes them possible. Blondin and Leotard are probably safe enough, supposing that no accident happens to their accessory machinery; and this public trust in their skill is made an excuse for encouragement of their performances. But in the case of this young girl, I came practically upon an unconsidered fruit of their success. Anything that will pay is sure to be attempted. There are cheap imitations of all costly things; and so we must have our sham Blondins when there is a demand for them in the market.

The brief and fragmentary revelations of my sporting friend impressed me forcibly. That human life should be a subject of betting, though seeming horrible in the first suggestion, yet manifested itself as not so unnatural when risk of human life became a common element in the amusements of the public. The betting on the ancient sports of the amphitheatre was as widely practiced as it is now on the sports of the turf. It was no more revolting to the sporting men of those days to reckon up the weak points of a gladiator, than it is to us to reckon up the weak points of a horse.

As I stood looking on, a fat man, evidently Jowles, the proprietor of the circus, addressed me civilly.

We entered into conversation.

"Yours is a wonderful troop," I said, "if all the pictures I have seen about the town are true."

"They're not a bad lot on the whole, sir," he said, laughing; "but I needn't tell you, sir, that them pictures are not quite correct. You see, I bought them, with the rest of the concern, from the last proprietor; and if they ever had any truth in 'em, which I wouldn't answer for, they are not very close to the truth now. But Lor' bless you, sir, they do just as well. Pictures is pictures—and pictures pays. It don't do to stick to the truth; I've found that in my experience. People like being humbugged. The more you promise 'em, the fuller the cirkis. They wouldn't come if you didn't promise 'em double as much as it was anyways possible you could give 'em. They know it is impossible, but they like promises, and are not the least riled that they don't get 'em performed.

"And is the Female Funambulist a myth—a humbug, too?"

"No, no; she's real enough. You may see for yourself. She's as good a plucked one as I ever knew. Was a rope dancer from a baby. Not," he said, correcting himself, "that that there picture of a woman in tights crossing Niagary is quite what she does. You see, we haven't Niagary over here for her to try upon, nor can't engage him at any price if we wanted him. She could do it, if she happened to be in them parts, and that's as near the fact as you can expect."

"Is there no danger?"

"Not a bit more at a hundred feet than at a hundred inches."

"Do rope-dancers never by any chance or possibility make a false step?"

"W-e-l-l," he said, lengthening out the monosyllable argumentatively, "of course there's danger in every branch of our profession. We're not a long-lived lot. No danger, no pay, I take it, is a fair enough rule. She's very plucky, and she's young, and not too young. Then, she's a woman. A man, you see, would take to lushing, to keep his courage up, and so would get shaky on the pins, and swimmy in the head. She hasn't the temptation to lushing that a man has, and so she has the better chance. And a very good little girl she is—a very good little girl. You won't find many of them rope-dancers as proper-behaved as she is, I can tell you."

"Perhaps," I said, "she is your daughter?"

"No, thank you!" he exclaimed. "I shouldn't quite like to see my Polly at that fun. No. I took her on, in the first instance, out of charity. There's her, and her mother, and a boy. Her father had been in the trade, and broke his back acting what they call 'the Sprite' at one of the small theatres. Well, they came to me, and I took 'em on. Well, one day, Sally—Sally Jones is her name, sir—one day—it was just after Blondin had begun to perform—she comes up to me, and 'Please, sir,' she says, 'I could do the Blondin-trick, Mr. Jowles.' It was her own notion, you see, at first. I didn't see my way in it at all. How or where to put up the rope—then the expense of the rope, which is something—and then I was not at all sure about her pluck. We tried her, and then she herself hit upon the notion we afterwards carried out; and so, by degrees, we got up the performance. It was some puzzle to find out a name for her—a name that would draw. We had a French rider in the company then—what a temper she had!—and it was this French woman who started the name of Female Funambulist. It does pretty well; there are two F's in it. That's the secret of success in names, sir; get 'em with as many of the same letter in 'em as you can."

"Alliteration," I said; "precisely so. But how can a gratis performance outside your circus be made to pay?"

"I doubted that myself, sir, at first. But we couldn't have the rope inside the circus. We're not proud, sir; we descend to the street-mountebank dodge, and send round the hat for the benefit of the Female Funambulist. People have their blood up just then, and fork out handsome. Then the exhibition draws. People argue, if so much is to be seen outside for nothing, what won't they give us inside for a 'tizzy?' It collects 'em just before the performance begins, and then they hear the band playing like mad inside, and they can't go away. It does pay, and pays well, too."

"Well, good morning, sir; I must go now and start the procession."

The frank proprietor left me and I followed more slowly into the open air. The rope on which the Female Funambulist was to ascend and descend was already in position. I took a somewhat morbid interest in this rope, and lingered about it, until the thumpings of the drum and the discordant blare of the wind instruments called my attention to the starting of the procession.

The crowd concentrated about the rope, and grew denser. I, too, arose and strolled thitherwards. The sporting man, whistling, and with his hands in his pockets, was narrowly inspecting the fittings of the rope; he walked hither and thither with a swagger, as if the rope and all its belongings were his property.

"Come out o' that! Just you leave that there rope alone!" shouted one of the two men who were still tightening the rope at its extremity.

The sporting man had put his hand on the rope, and before he left hold he gave it a swing, which made it vibrate visibly through its whole length. Mr. Jowles was standing by one of the painted carriages, inspecting the hanging of a huge parchment gong or monster tamborine, and swearing at a small boy, for whose size the business was too much. The sporting man came up to Mr. Jowles.

"Good mornin', sir," said Jowles, "werry happy to see you again; how's your 'ealth, sir, since I last saw you? What can I do for you this morning?"

"Here I am again, Jowles," replied the sporting man, in the same strain of pleasant badinage; "I have such an affection for you, that I can't live a day without seeing you. I follow you up pretty close, don't I? How's the F. F.—eh, Jowles?"

"I'll tell her of your kind inquiries, sir; they'll do her good. Now, —— you, strike up!" cried Jowles to the gong-boy, who was breathless and gasping after his exertions.

The sound of the gong heightened the excitement of the crowd; they were talking eagerly about exhibitions of like kind to this. The gong continued to give forth its regular boom; the small boy labored at it fearfully with the heavy drum-stick. Suddenly, "Here she comes!" shouted the crowd.

From behind the canvas of the circus stepped forth three figures—an anxious, weary-looking old woman, the boy whom I had seen on the parade, and, holding him by the hand, the Female Funambulist. Her hair was daintily dressed, and gaily wreathed with flowers; over her shoulders was a short grey cloak. They came forward rapidly, the girl stepping along with a brisk and graceful elasticity, the boy running, the mother toiling painfully.

The sporting man started away from Jowles, shouting as he hastened to the end of the rope, "I tell you, Jowles, your rope is slack to-day!"

He ran past the three advancing figures, and confronted the girl as she reached the mounting place. Hastily, and with some trepidation of hands, the rope-dancer unfastened the grey cloak and delivered it to her mother; then the two men at the rope's end lightly swung her up on to the rope. Here she rested for a moment, leaning against the cross-poles. She was dressed simply in white—modestly dressed about the neck, and in the arrangements of her ballet-dancer skirts. There was a flush on her cheeks, and her shy, hazel eyes were brilliant and coruscant with excitement. One of the men held in readiness behind her the balancing pole, of immense length, and evidently of great weight.

The eyes of the mother and brother were turned up towards her, and also the green eyes of the sporting man. As she bent down to give her mother a last look, she caught the cruel gaze of those green eyes. She spat on her hands and rubbed them together, and spat on them again, openly, and with no thoughts of concealing that action. The hands were disproportionately large and the arms remarkable for muscular development. The man behind lifted the balancing-pole over her head, and lowered it carefully in her outstretched hands. She tested it, poised it, until her body swayed exactly to its slightest motion, body and pole vibrating in unison. Then she started, slowly at first, but with accelerating speed; all eyes followed her, save those of the mother: I observed that hers were fixed on the ground. The heads of the crowd gradually lifted at a uniform angle as they followed her up the rope with their eyes. The sporting man whistled in an under tone.

In four places the rope was supported by cross poles, and the ends of these poles rose in each place about half a foot above the level of the rope. These were critical points. She came to the first, slackened her pace, and, lifting her foot high up above the end of the pole, planted it carefully on the other side; so with the other foot, and then, quickening her pace again, she traversed the distance between that point of support and the next. These critical points were all passed, and she ran nimbly up to the summit, where a man was stationed to receive her. There was a pause; the crowd breathed again, though they hardly turned their gaze from the figure of the rope-dancer. The mother lifted her eyes for a moment. The sporting man pulled out a cigar. Again the pole was put into her hands, and she started on her descent. It appeared to those below a much more dangerous business than the ascent. Before she had proceeded far, while yet the canvas of the circus roof was beneath her, she slowly lowered herself, and knelt upon the rope; then for a moment she threw herself back, and lay at full length. On her feet again; for some distance she swayed fearfully. It seemed difficult for her to recover her balance. That danger, however, was passed, and she descended safely lower and lower, until she reached the bottom of the rope, delivered her pole to the man in waiting, and with one spring was again upon the ground. She was hot and flushed, and breathless from her exertion. Her mother held the grey cloak ready extended, and clasped it about her shoulders in a moment. I shall never forget the expression of the mother's face. The girl kissed her hand to the applauding crowd in ordinary rope-dancer fashion, and ran lightly towards the circus, her brother clinging to her hand. She turned her head over her shoulder, and gave the sporting man a saucy nod and smile.

"Your work's not done for to-day yet, my dear!" he cried after her.

The mother went among the crowd collecting money—a poor, weary, worn-down woman, of bewildered manner, as if she were in a half dream. The band struck up inside the circus, and the people flocked in. The sporting man left the heath, and I saw him turn into a tavern in the streeet at its base. I remained wandering in the neighborhood of the circus. The expression of the old woman's face at the moment of receiving her daughter haunted me. It was like the first struggle of sickly sunshine with a retreating thunder cloud. Through the faint wan light the skirts of the flying darkness became awfully visible. I pictured to myself the mother's feelings as she stood with downcast eyes at the foot of the rope; how she followed every step of the girl with that more intense inward sight; how she conjured up dangers, perilous oscillation, false steps, frightful graspings in the air, and headlong falls; then how hope succeeded—"safe as yet, so much of the peril overpast;" and how on hope followed that agony of suspense, that intense craving that it were over, feeling that it was impossible to bear longer the intolerable burden of uncertain expectancy. What a life to lead! To those torture-lengthened moments would succeed the sudden joy on the safe descent, which joy would gradually die away into fears and forebodings of the next trial. A life constantly overshadowed and darkened by imminent evil. All this I seemed to discover in that expression of the mother's face.

It so happened that I saw the rope-dancer once more. As I was determining to go to my inn, I came upon a tall, slim girl, who was standing at the entrance to a sort of canvas out-house of the circus. Coming close to her, I recognized the shy, hazel eyes of the rope-dancer. She was dressed now in a common print gown, but still retained some remnant of her late performing costume in the elaborate neatness of her dark hair, and in the grey cloak which still covered her shoulders. I said, "Good morning," and complimented her on her performance. Shy with me at first, and modestly reserved, she entered more freely into conversation when she found that I treated her with due respect.

I asked, "If she never felt any fear?"

"No," she answered, "none. It looks more dangerous from below than it really is, I dare say," she went on. "You see, sir, we never look down, and it is just as easy to walk on a rope a hundred feet high as if it were on the ground."

Pressing her a little on this question of fear, she confessed that she felt on mounting, some degree of excitement, "a little flustered," as she worded it; but it appeared to be a pleasurable excitement, a glow of enthusiasm in the exercise of daring and skill. "There were accidental dangers," she admitted; "the rope was hardly ever twice alike in the stretching and general arrangements; winds threw one off one's balance, and rain made the rope slippery. But in her own powers, apart from such accessories, she felt the most perfect confidence. Still she was nervous at times—everybody was in the dumps sometimes, she supposed—nervous, however, in anticipation, not at all so in actual performance. Once on the rope, she was perfect mistress of the situation."

We talked of the sporting man. She confessed to a half-fear of him. "His eyes sometimes worried her on mounting. But in reality what influence could he exercise over her? She wouldn't tumble a bit the sooner or a bit the later for him and his bets. He was not a bad fellow, she thought. It was his calling to bet, as hers was to walk on ropes." This was the sum of our conversation.

As I left, she said, holding out her hand to catch the floating drizzle: "I wish it would come down or give over. It's just this sort of drizzle that plagues one. It's not enough to give up for, and yet it makes the rope as slippery as butter."

I took the young girl's big hand in mine, and pressed it kindly, as I said "Good-bye." The drizzle continued through the afternoon; but as I sat at dinner, at six o'clock, the mist cleared away, and the sun shone out again brilliantly.

I had just finished dinner when I observed the two waiters whispering eagerly together at the end of the coffee-room. One of them, coming to clear away my dinner-cloth, said to me: "Accident just happened, sir; at the circus, sir! Woman tumbled from the rope and knocked her brains out, sir; so they say, sir. Great crowd out there."

"Not that poor girl they called the Female Funambulist!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Yes, sir—girl that walked up the rope, sir—dead on the spot."

I arose and took my hat, and was hurrying out, when the sporting man entered the coffee-room. His black opera-hat was knocked in; blood was trickling down one side of his face, seemingly from some wound in the head; his face was white.

"A go of brandy!" he shouted, with an oath, and then laying his hand on my shoulder—"I've won my money. I told you I should. The little devil's fallen at last. One thousand five hundred pounds! I'm a made man! What'll you drink? I'll stand anything—champagne. One thousand five hundred pounds, I tell you!"

He ended in a howl, and, staggering across the room, fell rather than seated himself in a chair. It did not strike me that he was wounded, though I saw the blood trickling. I looked on him as simply drunk.

I hastened out and to the circus. A dense crowd had collected there. From every one I learned the same story. The girl, after lying down upon the rope (as she was accustomed to do on the descent,) had failed to recover her balance, and, staggering on a few steps, had fallen. She had just passed beyond the boundary of the circus, so that she fell sheer down to the ground

at once. She had fallen on her head, they said, and had never moved afterwards.

I tried to make my way into the circus, but vainly. Jowles was at the entrance, stopping all ingress. I could get nothing out of him. I saw afterwards a doctor of the town coming from the circus, and questioned him.

"Yes," he said, "dead. She died instantly. Her neck was broken by the fall."

Among the crowd I learned of another accident. In her fall, the rope dancer had dropped her balancing pole. It appeared that in her struggle to regain equilibrium, it had sprung from her grasp, and by its own elasticity, had flown to some distance in a semi-horizontal or slanting direction. Coming to the ground, one end foremost, it had struck on the head of a man standing towards the end of the rope, had knocked him down, and for a moment stunned him, but that he had recovered and walked off. From their description, I identified this person with the sporting man.

When I returned to the inn, I learned that the sporting man had been seized with a fit. On my leaving Tunbridge Wells, next morning, I left him in a very precarious condition.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JACK AND JIM.—1. For the proper government of a Dramatic Association, choose, by ballot, the following officers, viz:—President and Vice do; Secretary, Treasurer, Stage Manager and Assistant. Prompters are appointed by the manager. As regards the official duty of the President and Stage Manager, the former presides at all meetings, but should be powerless to interfere with the latter during a rehearsal or performance, as is too often the case, with damaging results to an organization tolerating such "intervention." 2. The sum charged, per night, *was* $14, but we learn the hall is leased to none but German societies at present. 3. Performances are given free to the public, the clubs reserving the right to exclude gentlemen unaccompanied by ladies. 4. We have no space to furnish specifications. Adopt such parliamentary rules as are consistent to develope proper discipline in the members. That will cover the entire ground.

B. V. W., Albany.—"A raffle took place at Stanwix Hall on the 10th inst., out of which arose a dispute, and a bet was made. One gentleman wagered that 43 would win, that being the highest throw at the time. This throw, however, was *tied*, and in throwing off, 32 was high. Now the question is, did the gentleman lose the wine?".....No—he wins; for 43 was the highest, and, consequently, the winning throw. The prize, whatever it was, belonged to the parties throwing 43; they could divide it, or sell, or buy out. They preferred to go the whole hog or none, and merely threw off to see which party should take the prize.

SOLDIER, Philadelphia.—It was John Brougham that performed in New York and Philadelphia on the same evening. He gave Pocahontas, at the old Bowery, at the conclusion of which he and his company left for Philadelphia in a special train, where they arrived in season to perform Pocahontas at the Continental Theatre.

H. H., 2d U. S. Artillery, Corinth.—"1. In playing at cribbage A plays a king, B a five, A a four, B an eight, and A a tray. Can A take the sequence of three, four, five?".....1. No. The eight spoils it. 2. Procure "Hoyle's Games," of any bookseller. 3. Our terms of subscription are $3 per annum.

G. N., London, Eng.—It is not necessary to have a ring, as used to exist at Astley's. The lady could play in almost any theatre, so that would be no obstacle whatever. At present, she is fulfilling a splendid engagement in Baltimore.

COPERNICUS, St. Louis.—Yours, dated the 9th, came to hand on the 12th. You might write on Wednesday or Thursday, and your letter will probably reach us in season, and in that way you can give us later items.

J. H. S., Binghampton.—Inquire among some of the show people in your town. If not successful, send a note for him, in our care, and we will endeavor to have it delivered.

B. FLAT, Fort Pulaski.—1. In playing on that instrument, we believe Frank Converse was equal to the best. 2. We do not know him; we frequently mention Mike McKenna.

TROJAN, West Troy.—The best time—of which we can find any record—made by man in running one hundred yards, is nine seconds.

J. R. M., Alexandria.—We have heard nothing of the lady since she left there. We do not see that the family are performing anywhere at present. Mr. S., we are told is in this city.

J. D., Milford.—If we understand your question correctly, the one counting out the other, according to the rules, is entitled to the money.

ALBION CLUB, Amesburg, Mass.—It was done in this country some four or five years ago, but the name of the ped. has escaped our memory.

J. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—Joe Coburn was present at Heenan and Morrissey's fight.

JOHN F., Cleveland.—Tom Sayers is an Englishman, and so was his father. We can't trace farther than that.

DICK HOWARD.—Items received, and used. Thanks for the same.

C. H. D., New Haven.—That ghost story is a barefaced humbug, without the least foundation in fact.

BARNEY AARON.—We have two London letters for you. Call or send for them.

STANWOOD, Cincinnati.—She was married to him three or four months ago. We published a notice of it at the time.

ADAMS, Boston.—He is obliged to make another throw for his first move.

R. J., Palmyra, Mo.—They create Generals so fast now-a-days, that we really cannot venture an answer to your question.

P. S., San Francisco.—Tom Sayers was defeated by Nat Langham. Tom is out of the ring, at present.

GREENBACK, Washington, D. C.—A is entitled to one point for turning Jack.

B. A. H., Detroit.—We have not copies of the laws of those States.

C. E. F., Media, Pa.—The cost of your advertisement will be $4.50 for three months.

J. T. N.—Opinions differ, and we cannot undertake to decide such questions.

A MINSTREL.—1. Get some common cork, burn it, and mix it with water into a paste. 2. He is 42.

JOHNNY FOOT.—Begin in some minor capacity, and work your way up. You can thus have an excellent opportunity for learning.

J. D. J., Crestline, O.—Drop a line to Mr. Butler, No. 3 Peck Slip, New York.

T. S. W.—See Dorwart's advertisement in this issue. He may have what you want.

ROBERT MACAIRE, Boston.—We have a correspondent in your city. Much obliged to you, however.

M. W., Baltimore.—Drop a line to Dan Bryant, and he will no doubt accommodate you. We do not believe the piece is published.

T. N. W., Annapolis.—He was in Cincinnati at last accounts.

SAM POND.—Your other letter never reached us.

G. O. G., Washington.—Will look it over.

L'INCONNUE, Georgetown, C. W.—Received in good order.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE ENGLISH P. R.

ANOTHER UNKNOWN.

HEENAN TO FIGHT AGAIN.

Later foreign advices bring additional rumors relative to the identity of the Unknown, and the idea that he is an American appears to be, for the nonce, thrown overboard. But even now, notwithstanding the numerous reliable channels *we* (the English sporting journals) have, *we* are still unable to point out the individual, and say positively *ecce homo!* and yet one month only had to elapse ere the Unknown would voluntarily declare himself. According to report, however, a new candidate has been found, huge and smart, a regular iron clad Great Eastern, "*superior to Bendigo or Caunt in their best days,*" that is competent to "whip all creation." Besides this ponderous and agile gladiator, another individual, dimensions not given, has £500 or £1,000 at his back to "flax" any man in England. On the top of all this, and more interesting to Americans, we have confirmation in the *Sporting Life*, of Heenan's intention, *first announced in the* CLIPPER, of again entering the arena, and again "rousing the whole civilized world." Verily, judging from all these rumors and statements, with the battles between Mace and Goss; Coburn and McCoole; and Abe Lincoln and Jeff Davis thrown in, the prize ring is becoming an institution, and exciting times are in store for us. In comparing the coming series of battles with those that commenced with Tom Sayers and Tipton Slasher, and wound up with the Farnborough fight between the Benicia Boy and Tom Sayers, a contemporary hopes that the ending will be more satisfactory. Amen, say we, and to that end *we* hope that the hope above hoped will find expression in deeds as well as words, "and your petitioner will ever pray, etc." For additional remarks on the pugilists and pugilistic events above referred to, see our foreign column.

THE FIRST SALMON of the season has been caught in the Penobscot—a warning to the followers of Isaak Walton to be on the alert.

THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

ITS PRESENT SUCCESS, AND THE CAUSE THEREOF.

There is something repeatedly turning up in this country, to disabuse the minds of the people, in relation to their foregone conclusions—something that sets the more intelligent thinking, and the old fogyish lamenting. This circumstance is especially indicative of the American mind, which, we all know, is more daring in taking an initiative, and more special in its carrying out the same, than any other mind.

A striking example in point has just been given in the tide of success which has set in towards our theatres, minstrel halls, and kindred institutions. Never, in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," as the phrase goes, were these places so thronged as they have been this winter. The fact would be remarkable under ordinary circumstances, or at ordinary seasons, but it must be remembered that the circumstances that now surround us, and the season at which we have arrived are altogether *out* of the ordinary. A civil war is unfortunately still raging in our midst, and we have just come to that turn in the amusement year, when it has been the usual practice for managers to retrench their expenses, and for a multitude of actors (even good ones) to be on the alert for fresh employment for short periods, and at different places, where the experiment of a dramatic term is to be made.

Arguing on the basis accepted in other regions, and endorsed also by many persons here, the only conclusion we could come, at in the case, was that war and a bad season would militate against the interests of our theatres, concert halls, and shows in general. The contrary, however, has proved to be the case; and still more striking is the result, from the circumstance of unpleasant weather.

As we need scarcely observe, during the past fortnight New York has been visited by about as many fluctuations in the atmosphere and elements as there are days in the term specified. It has been warm, moderately cold, and very cold; we have had snow, and we have had rain, wet streets and slippery streets. In the house and out of the house, we have heard wheezings, sneezings, and coughings; have been shocked by blue noses, and pained, too, by the increased ratio of mortality in and near the city.

Yet, all the time, the genius of amusement has been in the ascendant. We have had classic opera at its appointed temple, some tragedy at one theatre, a good deal of elegant comedy at another, burlesque at a third, a combination of music, sensation, and spectacle at a fourth. This so far as the Broadway establishments are concerned. On the other side of the town, at the "institutions" in the Bowery, which, by the way, our rose-water critics ignore, we have had the entertainments precisely adapted to the neighborhood and its denizens. A French theatre, on the location where John Brougham first spread his wings as a manager, has been flourishing along with the rest; a like result has awaited on a Dutch concern. Then, there are our minstrel halls, where the peculiar wit and the sweet melodies of the plantations are of nightly display. Merry faces have been the rule in these places, and the exuberant laugh has mingled with the strains of the musicians and the vocalists.

"A bully time" altogether, as one of our regular New York boys would say—a "bully time" in this city, and a "bully time" in other sections of the Union, as our summary of last week showed. There is but one fair inference to be deduced from this—as characteristic of the American genius, as it is favorable to the theatrical and kindred professions. It is that nothing short of national ruin and bankruptcy can cheat us of our coveted amusements, which become even more necessary to us, the more excitement there is out of doors, and the worse the weather is. At the same time, the enduring nature of our popular amusements, and what is of more importance yet, their beneficial tendencies in a moral point of view, stand confessed before the world. There are two mighty agents in the elevation of humanity—a sympathy with sorrow, and a participation in mirth. The tragic muse, interpreted at some of our theatres, is sufficient in the relation indicated; the muse of comedy in all its various branches, including nigger minstrelsy, farce, and burlesque, also achieves its mission there.

Americans have discovered this secret; and accordingly, we grow in humanity and true geniality, till there is nobody like us. Therefore, Mr. Prompter or Mr. Manager, ring up the curtain as soon as you please; certain that your friends will be near you.

HAMILL'S SCULLING CHALLENGE, IN ENGLAND.—The only attention that seems to have been bestowed upon Hamill's somewhat indefinite challenge, in England, is the offer of Green, the Australian champion, now in London, to meet Hamill on the Thames, and row him there, provided he, Green, should win certain matches in which he expected to engage. Chambers, the present champion of the Thames, is matched to row a race with Everson; and Green, the Australian, has deposited £25 to row the winner of that match; should Green defeat the winner, he proposes to give the American a chance—but it must be on the Thames. It is not likely that it will come to anything. If Hamill is really anxious to have a trial with any of the British celebrities, he will have to take a trip across the Atlantic, and "beard the lion in his den," for it is not likely that any of the Thames oarsmen will come over here, unless liberal inducements are held forth; and then, even, they may flare up at the last moment. When Chambers offered to row Ward on American waters, it was thought certain that Chambers would keep to his agreement, and "sail in" here some fine day. Ward and his friends were so confident of his coming, that they deposited $500 in the hands of a responsible party, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of Chambers. In addition to this, they put up $750 on account of the main stake, which remained in the hands of the stakeholder for some time, without a dollar being deposited on the part of the Chambers party. At last, word reached here that Chambers would not be able to row the proposed match, on account of some other business which engaged his attention. And thus it fell through. From this we infer that if Ward, with his money staked, could not draw the Thames champion to this side, it is not probable that a mere challenge will attract the attention of London watermen. Have we no man left in New York to meet this Pittsburgh challenger? Has the spirit of New York oarsmen departed? The Empire City once ruled the waters. Where are her champions now?

SWIFT TIME.—Elsewhere, in this issue, we give the details of a race by Deerfoot, (the American Indian,) against time, which gives the Indian the credit of running *eleven and a half miles* in *fifty-nine minutes and forty-four seconds!* half the distance, (5¾ miles,) having been accomplished in *twenty-nine minutes, nineteen seconds!* This is not only fast, but swift; and, judging by the manner in which he pumped out his four attendants—no slow coaches either—his unfitness at the beginning, and vigor at the close, we shall not be very much surprised if one day, under favorable circumstances, he should do twelve miles in an hour. Deerfoot, by his late honest running, we are pleased to observe, is gradually removing the stain on his character, as a "dead beat," for which latter, however, Martin, his mentor, agent, speculator, or whatever he is, should be held accountable, and not the Indian. Deerfoot's achievement in this instance, we claim as another native American triumph.

P. S.—Since writing the above, another foreign mail has come to hand, and in *Bell's Life* we find our views above given in reference to Deerfoot's capabilities, fully endorsed, and "more too." We also learn that among the prominent personages present at the race, were our American champion, John C. Heenan, and his opponent at Farnborough, Tom Sayers.

"CHIMNEY CORNER."—A little paper, bearing this domestic title, has just made its appearance. H. N. Wild is editor and proprietor. We find a number of clever little bits in the "Chimney Corner."

FAST TEAM.—Among other illustrations in last week's issue of the *New York Illustrated News*, is a capital wood engraving of Commodore Vanderbilt's road team, "Plough Boy" and "Post Boy." They seem to be ploughing the road like things of life.

ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, AND AMERICA.—The forthcoming aquatic contest for the Championship of the Thames, is fast assuming the proportions of a "big thing," and already, Green, the Australian Champion, has put in his oar to row the winner, and staked £25 as an earnest of his intentions, and by agreement with Chambers, should he prove winner, he will know his fate in two weeks after the present Thames event. Addititional to the above, he also makes known his willingness to row Hamill, the American, who defeated Ward last summer, on the Thames, if he beats Chambers or Everson, as the case may be.

SOIREE "EN MASQUE."—The pupils of Mr. Abner S. Brady, proprietor of the Seventh Regiment Gymnasium, have tendered that gentleman a complimentary testimonial in the shape of a private "Ball Masque." It will take place at the Gymnasium, 20 St. Mark's Place, on Thursday evening, March 19. It will be one of the gay events of this remarkable season.

THE RING.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 535 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality.
40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

CLIPPER SHADES, No. 40 EAST BROADWAY.—Free and Easy every Monday and Saturday evenings, with that exquisite songster, Mr. MORDECAI LYONS in the Chair. The best of Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, constantly on hand. The Proprietors will do their utmost to promote the comfort of those honoring them with a call.
44-tf DICK & EUGENE HOLYWOOD, Proprietors.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

Great Gathering of Sports at Ed. Wilson's, Weehawken.

$500 NOW UP—THE MATCH GOES BRAVELY ON.

COBURN SHOWS IN PERSON,

McCOOLE STILL OUT OF TOWN.

It's many a day since we attended a more aristocratic gathering of sporting celebrities than those "congregated together with one accord" to see the second deposit made good between Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole, on the 15th inst. From "rosy morn to dewy eve" they kept coming, coming, coming—some with light wagons, others in coaches, others afoot. Mr. Coburn, accompanied by his friend, Mr. B., had a very elegant turn-out, and got there about 3 P. M. Right in his wake were three other light wagons, and a coach containing Izzy Lazarus, Tom McCoy, Pete Gallagher, and Con Orem, and our Cabin Boy—it is almost unnecessary to say that they broke a spring before one mile had been traveled; every body predicted it. It was a bully day for the road—a nipping and an eager air prevailed—just the kind of weather to sharpen one's appetite and make whisky-skins in demand. Up at the "Woodbine" we found a grand turn out of the right sort—men of intellect, of means, and of muscle—all eagerly discussing the prospects of the great battle. The very first "object of interest" to meet our eye and exchange "the grip," was Chevalier Tom Quick, brimful of sociability and good nature, his eyes sparkling like those of a two year old. Others turned up in quick succession: Michael Geary, "the great billiard" of Courtland street; Clarence Crysler ("Saxe"), who has an idea; Con Fitzgerald, of California pugilistic renown; Pete Gallagher, of the St. Nicholas Bowling Saloon, 535 Broadway, who takes a lively interest in the match; Izzy Lazarus, "out for the day;" Tom McCoy, the gentlemanly proprietor of the White House, Grand street; Con Orem, champion of Colorado; Dan Kerrigan, the conqueror of Australian Kelly; J. Roche, of the Fourth Ward; Harry Hill, of 25 East Houston street; Old Dan Grant, a great McCoole man; Mike Trainor, Billy Donohue, Tommy Meakim, and a number of others. Sociability and conviviality ruled the roast; Ed Wilson couldn't *begin* to wash tumblers as fast as the boys could empty them; it was "drink all round" for about two hours steady, the liberality of all being proverbial.

At about 4 P. M. the company adjourned into another room to watch the interesting ceremony of posting the greenbacks. Not a single objection or attempt to quibble was made by the friends of either Mr. Coole or Coburn, and the latter made a host of new friends by his courteous and gentlemanly treatment of Mc Coole's backers—Joe had perhaps less to say than any man in the house. A copy of the original articles (now in our possession) having been produced by Mr. Hill, Mr. Coburn very politely attached his signature, and then the making up of the deposits to $250 a side. McCoole's party, through Messrs. Roche and Hill, first placed the sum of two hundred and thirty dollars ($230) in the hands of our representative, Ed James; and Pete Gallagher planked the whole amount of two hundred and thirty dollars ($230) on behalf of Coburn, in the same hands. The whole thing occupied but a few moments, and such was the order, a man might fancy himself at church. We cannot help expressing our admiration of the business-like manner in which every thing was arranged, and those who doubted about the money being forthcoming will henceforth crawl out the best way they can.

There was some talk of investment between Pete Gallagher and Old Dan Grant; but as Dan wanted "evens," Peter couldn't see it, and "denied him thrice." Several banters to bet were offered by one and another, the Coburnites holding out for odds—in this way considerable chaff was exchanged, yet all were in the best of humor. At the next deposit no doubt we shall hear of some lively betting.

Mr. Coburn left soon afterwards with Mr. B., and with him most of the others, only one party remaining "to catch the last boat." They were a merry set, however, and with Billy Donohue, the President's jester, for company, the boys had more fun than enough. At ten, P. M., the last coach, after traveling over hedges and ditches, rocks and stones, mud puddles and pools, finally reached the Barclay-street Ferry, and the driver, Frank, "purty well tired" (that's one of the O'Donohue's terms,) eventually—that's the word we believe Tom McCoy used—left the company at the Eagle Shades, Centre street, where Mr. Lazarus served up a slashing meal (the pretty "Rosy" doing the honors, which Mr. Gallagher says made it the best *dejeuner* he ever ate in his life,) and after a social chat, retired to their respective abodes.

We are informed that a Brooklyn man is to train Coburn, who goes out to Mark Maguire's, the Cayuga House, McComb's Dam, this morning (March 17th.)

McCoole will probably train a few miles from Jersey City, and although no trainer has yet been fixed upon, he will be accompanied by Sam Davis throughout his whole course, as an adviser, and to supply his required wants.

The next deposit of $100 a side takes place at Robert Smith & Burlinson's "House of Commons," No. 25 West Houston street, on Monday, the 23d of March, when we expect to see one of the biggest gatherings ever packed together under a roof of the same dimensions.

After this, the remaining houses named for making good the whole amount, are: Izzy Lazarus's, 223 Centre street, Monday, March 30; Pete Gallagher's, St. Nicholas Bowling Saloon, 535 Broadway, Monday, April 6; Tom McCoy's, the White House, Grand street, Monday, April 13; Bob Case's, National Hotel, 3d Avenue, between 35th and 36th streets, (in place of Bill Clarke's) and the final deposit of $150 a side, at Harry Hill's, 25 East Houston street, where the backers of the respective men will meet to determine on the place of fighting.

THE GREAT FIGHT IN CALIFORNIA,

BETWEEN

JOHNNY LAZARUS AND PETE DAILEY.

LAZARUS WINS WITHOUT A SCRATCH.

This important $1,000 match was brought off on the original day, the 10th of March. Fifteen minutes after Mr. Lazarus had received the news, we were in possession of the following document:—

223 CENTRE ST., March 22.

FRIEND QUEEN:—Glorious news! My son John has won without a scratch. The fight lasted 2 hours 15 minutes. That is the telegraphic dispatch from Tim Macarthy. I think Harry could not have been there, according to the *Herald* of yesterday, which said the Sonora had not arrived on the 10th. Come and see me.

Yours, gay and happy, IZZY LAZARUS.

The telegraphic dispatch came within five minutes of Izzy's letter, from the obliging Mr. James Mulholland. It reads as follows:—

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 3 o'clock A. M.

"IZZY LAZARUS, 223 Centre street:—Jack won in 39 rounds, 2 hours 15 minutes, without a scratch. TIM MCCARTHY."

$12,50.

The cheering news as might naturally be expected, made glad the heart of his weighty majesty, Father Izzy, and his hotel has been crowded ever since. On Thursday evening, quite an aristocratic gathering assembled to congratulate "the old man eloquent," not forgetting our respected fellow-craftsman, "Tom'Quick," and the way Flory Macarthy ordered the "glorious vintage," was a severe trial for weak nerves. The fun is still kept up, and no doubt will be until we get the news in detail. Thus far, no other despatch relating to the fight has come over the wires, than that to Mr. Lazarus; it was from this the "respectable" papers got their intelligence, "and more too," one or two having embellished the little telegram with "additions" manufactured to order by those well up in that branch of gulling the public. The *Leader's* old stand-by, Geo. W., was the only exception—he gave the news just as it came per telegraph; we cannot do more ourselves, until further intelligence is actually received.

OFF FOR YONKERS.—Dick Hollywood, of the CLIPPER Shades, and Mike Dorsey were to start for Yonkers either the 16th or 17th inst. They were specially invited up there, and will probably stay a week or two. We shall know all about their doings by post.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HARRY GRIBBIN.—A fortnight or so ag we had something about Harry's course of action in the Lazar and Dailey match in California; without charging him po blank with any unfair transactions, we gave certain rumors th have since created considerable argument. We had good auth ity for so doing, but from a private letter which was kind placed at our disposal, written by Mr. Gribbin on the 29th Ja affairs assume a different aspect altogether. From this lette appears that the Lazarus party first of all engaged Gribbin train Jack, and afterwards went back on him, or hired a train whom they looked upon as Gribbin's superior. The Daley pa seeing this, offered Harry a big stake to look after Daley; at fir he refused, but afterwards, feeling slighted at being "sho makered," he thought he might as well make a few hundreds not, and accepted. We believe that previous to this, all the Ne Yorkers were the best of friends; they say none had more cause be grateful for the kind treatment generally received, particula ly in his late bereavement, than did Harry Gribbin, and it's pity that this breach has ever occurred. It may lead to troubl and ere long we expect to find Gribbin himself in a match—w whom, these "in the ring" can probably form an idea. We we talking with Jim Turner (and few are better posted about thin in California than he) the other night, and he gave us to unde stand such was the case. One thing is certain, we shan't he the last of this for some time. Our object now is to give M Gribbin a chance to vindicate himself, and any communicatio on the subject will have a place in our columns. Let us he from both sides.

MORGAN AND GRIFFITHS.—After going to press last week, received the referee's decision in the late prize fight betwee Morgan and Griffiths, in Pennsylvania. As the money specified in the articles, to be given up according to the decisi of the referee, we presume there is nothing further to be do but hand the money over to Griffiths, on his guaranteeing secure the stakeholder against any other claim. Annexed is th decision:—

SHAMOKIN, PA., March 4, 1863.

MR. FRANK QUEEN—In the battle that was fought betwee Benjamin Griffiths and Richard Morgan, on the 9th of Februar in the neighborhood of Pottsville, for $100 a side, I gave in m decision on the spot and I wrote the same day; but I suppo you did not receive the letter. I cautioned Morgan against h foul proceedings in the second round; and then I caution him twice afterwards; but he did not seem to pay any attenti to it, and they fought on some twenty rounds, when Morg struck Griffiths foul again, and I gave in my decision th Richard Morgan lost the battle. EDMON BAMFORD, Referee.

A BULLY FIGHT.—Early this morning (March 16,) one of th best little fights ever attempted was brought to a successful iss near Greenwood Cemetery, between Joe Waters and Hen Mehe It was neither for money or love, but to try one another's metti and proved beyond a doubt that both belong to the gamest of th game. Charley Walker and Tom O'Connor seconded Water Mike Dorsey, and another Walker attended on Mehen. Euge Hollywood of the CLIPPER Shades, East Broadway, acted referee and a well known old sport as time-keeper. For rounds were contested in sixty-five minutes, without a sing clinch, nearly every round ending in favor of Mehen, who, s ing on the advice of the clever little Mickey Dorsey, got hom fearfully on Waters' body, and won the fight. Hen, though th heavier, was considerably smaller in stature, but Joe took a his punishment without budging, and felt badly cut up at his d feat. These lads deserve and ought to have a benefit. W somebody see that they get one!

THE DAVIS TESTIMONIAL AT THE WINTER GARDEN.—From a appearances, Mr. Samuel S. Davis will have a glorious house o the 19th of March, at the above house. The entire list of volu teers would take up so much room that we must content ou selves with a brief notice. There will be plenty of acting, sin ing, dancing, etc., etc. Mr. Dan Setchell is to appear in a farc Dobson, the banjoist, will give a specimen of his abilities on th Cremona, and altogether it will no doubt be the gala night of th season. Sam Davis is too well known for us to say more, b we shall be at the benefit, and want to see all the old familia faces presnt. Remember Thursday evening, 19th inst., at th Winter Garden. Tickets of admission, 50 cts, which may be ha at William Hastings's, 208 Centre street; Izzy Lazarus's, 2 Centre street; Harry Hill's, 25 East Houston, and all the lead ing sporting houses.

"THE STAFF OF LIFE."—This is the name of a newly fitted u hall, No. 188 South High-street, Columbus, Ohio, where Pr fessor J. Sweetman proposes giving entertainments in the art self-defence every Saturday evening. For 25 cents anybody ca put on the gloves with Johnny, and any friends wishing to spa together will be instructed by the Professor without extr charge. Here's a chance.

DIDN'T COME OFF.—The proposed raffle—for the benefit of th widow of Sam Long—of a case of stuffed birds, didn't come o on Saturday night, as anticipated. The case is on exhibition Alec Mason's, the Adriatic, corner of Barrow and Hudso streets. Go and have a throw for it.

CON OREM AND BAILEY "ON THE WRASTLE."—Fifty dollars a sid were posted last week, in Washington, for a wrestling match be tween the Colorado Champion and Big Bailey, of Georgetow This week the latter is expected in the city, prepared to go e draw up articles, etc.

BOXING ON ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT.—All who love the land of th Shamrock—and who does not?—should go up to Union Hal First Avenue, this (St. Patrick's anniversary) evening and enjo themselves. Joe Ryan and Young McCabe have a benefit ther

THE CARELESS BOY.—Our friend of the National Theatre S loon, Boston, had a benefit at the theatre on the 11th. "Car less" keeps a sporting house in that city, and is highly popular his business is so good that, in addition to a barman, he has t employ a treasurer. How are you, Alec Sisson?

THINKS OF GOING TO CALIFORNIA.—Mynheer Jim Turner, great sporting celebrity in days gone by, talks of starting soo for San Francisco. Shade of the War Eagle! "Whither shal I follow," as the song goes, will be chanted by many a fair dam sel, when Jim takes his departure. It's so.

CAP. MIKE NORTON IN A NEW CHARACTER.—It will be good new to Crow's many friends, both here and elsewhere, to learn tha he is now one of the fixtures of Broadway. Norton has started a saloon called the Cremorne Music Hall, No. 626 Broadway, on door above Laura Keene's Theatre. We think he'll do well When we've seen the show, our readers will know more. Ticket of admission, northin'! That won't break nobody, so Jim Wambold says, endorsed by Bob Smith.

BILLY MULLIGAN STILL IN TOWN.—Ever since Bill Clarke was presented with the colors that Yankee Sullivan wore round his loins when he fought the chief, by Colonel Billy and Genera Tom O'Donnell, somebody is always trying to make out that William has left for California, and several times the wiseacres have got tripped up at it. What does it all mean? Isn't there something the matter with somebody, eh?

REMEMBER THE SICK.—James Keenan, who is unable, through sickness the past nine months, to further maintain his family, has been tendered a benefit by his friends, to come off on Monday evening, March 30, at the Seventh Ward Hotel, 173 Madison street. We are not aware of the nature of the entertainment—probably a ball—but a quarter invested will never be missed by those inclined to help along a sick man. "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

GOING TO WORCESTER.—Father Izzy has received a very encouraging letter from Johnny Healey, of the Phœnix, for Mr. Lazarus to go on there, and promises to make all the necessary preparations for a royal welcome. The mayor was out of town when "Bob" penned his note, but he had no doubt His Honor would grant a license, and then the show would go on. Look out for the Great Columbiad and Paixhan Gladiator!

PHILIP THE GREAT.—Phil Clare's hotel is No. 401 Columbia street, Brooklyn, and they say he has some of the greatest curiosities in the way of sporting prints ever issued. Nobody need fear encountering anything whatever objectionable in Phil's house, but everything is ordered for the best. Go, too, Petruchio Gallagherio!

A BENEFIT FOR MIKE MCCOOLE.—This gentleman, whose match with Joe Coburn is creating such an excitement both here and in England, will arrive in the city in a few days, and the early part of next week intends having a sparring exhibition somewhere on Broadway—Mozart Hall, probably. Full particulars next week.

THE CRICKET SEASON FOR 1863.—The prospects for a lively cricket season for the present year are gloomy enough; and as yet, we have not heard of any very important matches to take place. The game, up to the commencement of the war, had attained a very fair degree of popularity, and Hoboken was frequently the scene of gay assemblages, and chivalrous contests with bat and ball; since then, however, like others, the cricket circle has suffered by many of its members exchanging their cricket uniforms, bat, ball, and other paraphernalia, for the more necessary and more destructive weapons of war. In 1860, we had flourishing clubs in New-York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, Newark, and other cities, besides several of more or less note in smaller towns. Their shadows may still remain, but we very seldom hear from them, and it is actually a treat to meet a cricket field *habitue*, and exchange a grip with him. The New York, St. George, and a few of the other clubs, may play a match or two to keep their hand in, but beside that and a little practice, so far as we can see now, little will be done this year, and almost nothing that will attract public attention, without which neither pastimes nor business ever flourish. We hope, however, that things in the out-door sporting world will take a more lively turn, and that we shall, not long hence, have an opportunity to exchange greetings with some of our many old friends of the cricket arena. Whatever does take place, we shall take pleasure in recording as heretofore; and in aiding, to the best of our ability, the good cause of cricket, as well as all other sports of the field.

CRICKET LAW X.—The following are some of the amendments proposed to be made in Law 10, at the general meeting of cricketers in England, at the Pavilion, Lord's Ground, on April 15:—"The ball must be bowled. If thrown or jerked, or if the bowler on his arrival at the crease, shall, during the last action of the delivery of the ball, raise his hand or arm above his head, the umpire must call *No Ball.*'

"The ball must be bowled, not thrown or jerked, and whenever the bowler shall so closely infringe on this rule in either of the above particulars, as to make it difficult for the umpire at the bowler's wicket to judge whether the ball has been delivered and within the true meaning and intent of this Law or not, the umpire shall call *No Ball.*"

THEATRICAL RECORD.

TMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Miss H. O. Lalande, Wm. H. Ashton, T. Boyce, Miss Julia Daly, Ned Nutting, M. A. Scott, Miss ily Thorne, Jas. Mathews, Thos, J. Cussens, Sam Sharpley, red Stewart—London letter; and Col. Wm. Ellinger.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, March 16, 1863.

Winter is lingering in the lap of spring; at least we had pretty hilling evidences of it last week, when we were visited with ow, rain, hail, and wind, in abundance, which tended to keep any of the gentle sex within doors, and interfered somewhat ith our theatrical establishments, except on benefit nights, hen there was the usual outpouring. There has scarcely been benefit this season that has not been attended by a large udience; some of them filling our theatres to their utmost apacity, and on many occasions hundreds of patrons who sought dmittance have been compelled to abandon the attempt. And his, too, refers more particularly to benefits that have taken lace since Lent set in. We sincerely hope that like success ay attend the appeals of all who may hereafter put their names p for a night.

We wish to make mention of a little girl—for such she seems o be—we saw upon the stage one night last week, at Niblo's Garden. The play was Satanella, and by referring to the bill of he evening, we saw that Mrs. Chanfrau was cast for the part of Lelia; but when Lelia appeared, it was not in the person of Mrs. Chanfrau, but in her stead was a girlish looking little thing, hom we had never before seen. When she spoke, it was in a oice full, loud, and clear, and at times extremely pleasing; occasionally, however, the artificial style adopted by some amateurs, ould show itself. She was very favorably received, and several imes during the evening was loudly applauded. The part enested to her was one of the most prominent in the spectacle, nd in it she acquitted herself in a manner worthy of the warmest ommendation. We afterwards inquired as to the identity of er little friend, and were informed that her name is Lottie Wood, and that she is a ballet girl at Niblo's, receiving, perhaps, a salary of four or five dollars per week. When Satanella was first produced, Mrs. Chanfrau took the character of Lelia, but after a week or two she was taken ill, and had to retire. Mrs. Flood was then engaged, but being connected with Jarratt's ompany, she was unable to appear longer than three evenings, and the management was then in a quandary, there being no one at hand competent to fill her place. At the last moment it was hinted that one of the ballet girls had a fair idea of the character, and she might be induced to undertake the part, on an emergency, until a better representative could be secured. Little Lottie was sent for—the case stated to her—and she was asked if she thought she could get along. "I will try," said she, and at rehearsal she went through the part satisfactorily. On Monday evening, March 9th, we think it was, she first appeared before the public in her "speaking part," and was so successful that it was not deemed necessary to make any change, and she performed throughout the week. It is to encourage our little beginner, that we make mention of the facts above stated. We understand that she is not more than sixteen years of age. Properly trained, we believe she can be made a very useful member of any company, and it is not improbable that she may one day become a great actress. We thus speak of her kindly, and cheer her young heart, in the hope that it may assist in developing the talents of little Lottie Wood?

Jas. W. Lingard, manager of the New Bowery, received a truly substantial testimonial benefit on Friday evening, March 13th. It was a regular Thanksgiving jam, there being an audience of nearly four thousand persons present. The receipts, we learn, footed up between $1,100 and $1,200. Four pieces were played, and a portion of Wood's minstrels appeared, altogether making a bill which carried the entertainment far into the next morning.

Miss Mary Provost terminates her Winter Garden engagement on the 18th, with a grand complimentary benefit. "London Assurance" is to be the play, with Miss Provost as Lady Gay Spanker, and Mr. Charles Walcot, Sr., as Sir Harcourt. The character of the gentlemen having this testimonial in hand warrants a strong turn out of our theatrical *habitues*.

The new Ethiopian prize play, "Grand-dad Joe," was produced for the first time by Wood's Minstrels, on Monday evening, March 9th. It is a neat little affair, well arranged, and placed upon the stage in the most liberal manner possible. The snow scene, with old Joe stretched upon the ground, apparently lifeless, is a very natural representation. The falling of the snow is well managed; in fact, we have never seen anything of the kind to surpass it. The snow is made to fall with a regularity well calculated to induce a belief that a veritable snow storm, pure and undefiled, is in progress. The principal parts are very cleverly rendered by Cool White, Charley Fox, Nelse Semour, etc. The dialogue is fair; in some parts very amusing; in other parts, quite touching. But we cannot say that this prize play has sufficient originality about it to make it anything of a sensational character. So much for the play. Is it a success? No. Whatever merit it possesses, we incline to the opinion that minstrelsy, pure and simple, is preferable. An audience in attendance on minstrel entertainments care more for short and spicy acts than for an extended dramatic performance. They like change, variety, novelty, in short doses, and when anything in the minstrel line runs over five or ten minutes, they tire of it. The new prize play consumes, probably, forty minutes, and to gain this time, many of our old and favorite "nigger acts" are taken off the bill. Mr. Wood, no doubt, has introduced this little play as an experiment, an attempt to elevate Ethiopian performances, for which he is to be commended. If he sees the innovation is not a popular movement, of course he will return to the "legitimate" of nigger minstrelsy. "Grand-dad Joe" will be repeated all the current week.

Daniel Setchell, a comedian of rare humor, and "a fellow of infinite jest," comes to the Winter Garden on the 19th inst., at the close of Miss Provost's engagement.

Joseph Proctor attracted very good houses at the Old Bowery, last week. He is now in the fourth week of his engagement.

"How are you, green-backs?" the new song lately introduced at Bryants, continues to increase in favor. The allusion to Little Mac nightly draws forth the real sentiments of the people. It is a big strike. Eph Horn had a benefit at Bryants on the afternoon of the 14th, "previous to his departure for Boston."

"The Old House, or the Bridge of Notre Dame," with new scenery, effects, etc., is the fresh attraction at the New Bowery this week. A grand bill is prepared for the night of St. Patrick's day, the 17th.

The great operatic spectacle of the Enchantress is to be revived this evening, 16th inst., at Niblo's, with Miss Caroline Richings in the character of Stella, and Mr. Richings as Ramir, the pirate chief. The ballet will be a feature in this splendid piece, introducing Galetti, Marzetti, Katrine, and Ronzani. Satanelli was withdrawn on the 14th. Mr. E. Lamb made quite a hit in this last-named spectacle, and appeared to much better advantage than we have ever seen him before. He called forth well-merited approbation. In the Enchantress, he is cast for the part of Dr. Mathanasius.

Miss Laura Keene has returned from her visit to Washington and other places, and is to commence her farewell performances at the theatre which bears her name, this evening, March 16th. She will present some fine old comedies, introducing W. R. Blake, Wheatleigh, etc. This final leave-taking of Miss Keene with the *habitues* of her theatre will draw large audiences, and unmistakably prove the popularity of that lady. The opening comedy is "Old Heads and Young Hearts."

Miss Matilda Heron will follow Mr. and Miss Richings at Niblo's, on the 30th.

The beautiful Lucille Western will open at the Winter Garden on the 23d inst., producing the great sensation drama of East Lynne, in which she has made such a hit in Philadelphia and other cities. It will be brought out with due regard to scenery, appointments, and cast of characters, the manager having the option to be a little more liberal in getting up this piece, or see it produced at another theatre. We are glad that somebody has put a little life into the concern.

The "New Idea" is to be started to-night, with minstrelsy, ballet, and variety generally. In the minstrel troupe engaged we find the following named performers:—W. A. Wray, J. F. Dunny, J. K. Campbell, Paul Berger, W. Herman, T. B. Bishop, Harry Wilson, J. Stewart, H. Percy, F. Simpson, S. Douglass, M. Rogers, F. Herman, T. Allies, J. Reynolds, and S. Billater. In the ballet are M'lle Helene, M'lle Nixon, M'lle Adele Calla, etc. Miss Allinson, vocalist, is also engaged. Admission, all over the house, 25 cents, with reserved seats at 50 cents. The entertainments to be given are designed for families.

But a few days more will be allowed for our citizens to see the animals on exhibition at the Broadway Menagerie, as the concern will close on or about the 28th inst. The show is well worth a visit, and parents cannot do better than to take their children to see the great natural curiosities.

Alfred Cately, for a long time engaged as advance agent for Tom Thumb, has retired from the show business, and is now engaged in mercantile pursuits in this city. Mr. Cately was a very useful man in the profession, understanding thoroughly all the minutiæ necessary to the success of traveling exhibitions.

A very pleasant little affair came off at the residence of Manager J. W. Lingard, in this city, on the evening of the 12th inst. While that gentleman and his wife were at the theatre, a surprise party, numbering nearly one hundred ladies and gentlemen, took posession of their dwelling; converted the bedrooms into dressing rooms, and the parlors into a ball-room, and went in for a good time generally. When Mr. and Mrs. Lingard returned from the theatre, they fully entered into the spirit of the thing, and contributed all in their power to render the visit of the "surprisers" pleasant and agreeable. The company had ordered supper to be brought from a neighboring restaurant, engaged several pieces of music, and what with eating, dancing, singing, and joking, passed the time gaily until daylight did appear, and warned them that it was time to separate. This was a very appropriate little prelude to the great benefit tendered Mr. Lingard on the following evening, when another "surprise party," numbering nearly four thousand persons, took possession of the New Bowery.

McEvoy's Panorama of Ireland is announced for exhibition this week. It has been well patronized in Boston and other places.

Miss Carlotta Patti is now on her way to England, having left this port on the 11th inst., in the steamship Africa.

Mrs. John Wood brought her performances at Laura Keene's Theatre to a close on the 14th inst., and on the previous evening, 13th inst., her farewell benefit took place, when an immense audience attended, and the enthusiasm was worked up to the highest pitch. Mrs. Wood will never fail to draw a crowd when she puts her name up for a benefit. Her engagement at this theatre commenced on Monday evening, January 9th, and continued without interruption till the 14th of March. Miss Laura Keene evacuated the place when Mrs. Wood stepped in, and with the Lady Laura went the principal members of the company, leaving but a slim support for Mrs. W. She went to work in earnest, however, and made up for the shortcomings of others by laboring with increased zeal, and surpassing all her previous efforts. A few weeks since, she produced "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," re-arranged for the times by Mr. C. Walcot, who also took a prominent part in the play. A giant was also engaged—a real, live giant—but big as he is, he had little to do; the labor of the piece devolving, principally, upon Mrs. Wood, and whatever success attended it may fairly be attributed to her. The engagement throughout has been fair, but not extraordinary. With a clever company to assist her, she could have filled the theatre every night, but as she was restricted in her support, she was obliged to get on as best she could. In her line, she is probably unsurpassed, and we hope to see her again, ere long, under more favorable circumstances, and with a company better adapted to the style of pieces which she makes her speciality, than that with which she has been performing.

We have a little conundrum for the "indefatigable reader." It was propounded to us by our devil, who, with one eye shaded by a daub of ink, and a chunk of pie and cheese in his hands, boldly entered the sanctum the other day, and entreated that we should "hear him for his cause." We heard him, and this is what he said:—"Why is Harvey Dodworth like a celebrated tragedian of the present day?" We gave it up. "Because," said he, as he swallowed a quarter section of Dutch John's pie, "because he's a Band-man." To develop the genius of the "frail but fair being," we gave him a holiday for the balance of the week.

After two unsuccessful attempts, at the beginning of the week, to get inside "444," we managed to work our way in there, with abundance of elbowing, on Friday evening last. We used to select fish-day invariably for a visit to the "American" when Broadway swarmed with concert halls, because even then it was crowded every other night; but, "blarst our eyes" if it hasn't got so lately that there's no more show Friday than any other time. This we can attribute to nothing else but Mr. Robert Butler's indomitable energy and enterprise in securing the right sort of people. Just take this single instance: On the 4th of March, a young performer, Mr. Chas. E. Collins, comic vocalist and dancer, arrived from England; the same day he and Mr. Butler had an interview; on the 6th he was put on trial, on the 7th made a hit, and is now one of the greatest cards in the profession. Neither gentleman knew the other; Collins came over on a venture, and stepped into a three months' engagement before he had got rid of his "sea legs." Of the performance generally, there is so much to speak about that we don't know which end to begin at; besides, it takes at least forty-eight hours to quit thinking about "those pink stockings." Remember, human natur is human natur the world over, and, often as we look in at theatres and the like, there is no diminution of our enthusiasm for short skirts and—and—and all that sort of style; that's the worst of getting too near the footlights; or, we meant to say the best, as you might know. The accomplished lady drummer, M'lle Louise, we missed seeing—that for a special visit—but the others, well, they all looked so pretty and roguish, we should be at a loss which to select as the handsomest; for talent, though, give us—"we, the public"—Miss Frances Leroy, whether as singer or dancer; Augusta Walby, Millie Flora, Mary Blake, Louise Walby, Sallie Wesner, Kitty Lee, and the whole blessed lot together. Miss Frances takes amazing in her Union medley, and such understandings—it won't do for us to get too enthusiastic, though, will it? A song very popular in England, "No Irish Need Apply," is given by Frances, with variations to suit our people; and "La Manola" she dances in such a bewitching costume, that a fellow almost fancies himself among the dark-eyed Spaniards and Italians, but we prefer to remain "as you were." Augusta Walby, Mary Blake, and the others, are all old favorites—perfectly killing in their manners and the way they fix up. Bob Hart is also back again, but we found Charley White among the missing. The Rev. James Wambold, as an imitator of birds and other carniverous animals, has a reputation A No. 1, while there's such sweet melody in some of his banjo songs, the echo never seems to die out. You ought to hear that laugh once. Tommy Gettings is very tolerable in "Sally Come Up;" that is to say, he does it good, and for general utility, Geo. Warren and Riggs are very useful. The Delevanti Brothers, acrobats and trapeze performers, are here, and deservedly popular; one of the brothers, who recently fell from the trapeze in Brooklyn, still has his wrist bound up; we believe they are engaged to travel with Thayer and Noyes' circus the coming season, so none should miss seeing their wonderful tricks. T. L. Donnelly, Irish comedian and vocalist, late of the New Bowery, sang, but was laboring under a severe cold. We prefer seeing him under better advantages before expressing our opinion. The feature of all just now, without question, is Mr. Chas. E. Collins; as the Daughter of the Cure, we consider him quite equal to the great original Cure, Mr. Stead, of London, and, as a general performer, much more versatile; his medlies and clog dancing are very fine indeed. Mr. Collins was for some time engaged at the London Alhambra and Day's Crystal Palace, Birmingham. One word about the orchestra. People seldom think what a difficult thing it is to play in a hall like the "American;" we can tell you that fiddling or blowing in a theatre isn't one half so onerous or complicated; what with jigs, songs, marches, operas, and one thing or another, they have lively work of it. Ferd Von Olker and his band therefore deserve more than a passing notice. If the music alone is so arduous, what must be the entire supervision of everything, as done by Monsieur La Thorne? We daresn't think of it; and yet that gentleman manages just as slick as greased lightning. It's a big thing for Mr. Butler to have such a band of good men and true (to say nothing of the ladies) around him, and goes to show that they, too, know when they've got a good "posish."

On Friday, March 13th, we took it into our heads to pay the Fourteenth street establishment a visit, on the occasion of the first appearance of Maretzek's new troupe in Traviata. We went about 8 o'clock, and expected to find affairs in a crowded condition, but on looking around we observed plenty of spare seats in the parquet, and also in the first and second tier of boxes, and space in the family circle. The amphitheatre, however, appeared to be as full as usual, "ye critics of the upper circle" being constant visitors, their love of music being the sole motive with them. By the time the overture was over—and it was admirably performed—the parquet was nearly filled, but when all that came were present, they did not make more than a two-thirds house. As the curtain arose, and the two leading artists of the evening "put in an appearance"—M'lle. Brignoli and Mazzolini—they were heartily welcomed by the majority in the family circle, and also by "ye gods" up above, but the white kids below did not come in contact often, in the way of applause; it not being considered "the thing to do" among "our best society,"—Heaven save the mark—anything natural being entirely out of place with them. Here and there some enthusiastic one would signify his approbation, but only at times was there anything like a due appreciation shown by the majority of fashionable *habitues* present. The first thing that struck us, as the opera commenced, was the manifest improvement in the *personnel* of the feminine portion of the chorus singers. True, there was the "stout lady" and her constant light-weight companion; but we gladly missed several of the long-necked scrawny-looking females, who have so often done service as "Druidesses," "peasant-girls," &c. Another thing, too, was the brilliant and new-like appearance of the majority. But when Mlle. Brignoli and Mazzolini had duly proceeded with the business of the opera, and we had heard their voices in all their power and sweetness, we were at once delighted to find that we had something we could congratulate the musical public upon, and that was, the presence among us, of some really first class artists. Mazzolini is a tenor of the Salvi school, and at times we were greatly reminded of the latter at the Castle Garden operas. Mazzolini is what they call a *tenore robusto*, one having a voice that is at once sweet, melodious, and manly in its tones; Brignoli being of the class "tenore grazia," whose tones of voice, though sweet, are rather effeminate. Mlle. Brignoli—no relation of the "pet of the petticoats"—is unquestionably a very sweet singer. She possesses a pure, fine-toned soprano, extensive in compass, and well under command; and she is, besides, an excellent actress; sprightly, graceful, and having considerable dramatic power. It was not long before she brought out what little warmth there was in the occupants in the lower part of the house, and forced from them loud and continued applause; and, at the close of the second act, a call before the curtain. Bellini, the baritone, took the part of "Germond," and displayed a quality of voice such as we have not heard for years. His upper notes are clear, and as sweet as a tenor's, and his lower range full of power; he uses his voice, too, with such effect as to charm all with his singing. He is not as good an actor, we should judge, as Mazzolini, but fully up to the mark vocally. Mazzolini especially favors *tremolo* effects, which many are fond of. Salvi only used the *tremolo* when occasion specially called for it. Bellini delivers his tones clearly and steadily, but he, at times, displays an operatic stage mannerism that is not advantageous by any means; but this is a defect in acting, not in singing. He is young, and has ample time to improve. The others of the troupe were old faces, and nothing need be said about them. The stage appointments were excellent, and the performance, as a whole, afforded ample evidence of the fact that in Max Maretzek we have the most competent operatic manager of all that have tried the experiment in this city.

Tony Denier, the favorite pantomimist, having concluded his engagement at the New Bowery, is at present out of a job, and open for negotiations. We expect to be able to write him "engaged" in less than a fortnight.

The Delevanti Brothers, gymnasts and acrobats, it is expected, will travel with Thayer & Noyes' circus the coming season. At present they are at "444."

"Aint I the Perfect Cure?" The very best performer that ever attempted this amusing song and dance, in this city, is Mr. Chas. E. Collins, from the Alhambra, London. He is engaged at Robert Butler's American Theatre.

Samuel S. Davis is to have a benefit at the Winter Garden on the 19th. As Samuel is very well known in this city, there will probably be a strong muster of his friends to do honor to the occasion.

Mr. and Miss Richings are making arrangements for a professional visit to California next spring, their present engagements not permitting them to leave this season. They will be under engagement with Maguire.

DRAMATIC.

Mr. Vandenhoff read the "School for Scandal" at Montreal, C. E., on March 9th, to a large and pleased audience. They like Mr. Vandenhoff's readings very much, particularly those of a comic strain. He read his last there on the 10th.

O' Harra's troupe opened at Adams, N.Y., on Saturday, March 14th. The company comprises the following gentlemen:—G. H. O'Harra, Mr. Simcoe Lee, Harry Hargrave, M. Sexton, G. B. Scovill, and J. H. Cole. The ladies attached to the company are Mlle. Frances O'Harra, Mrs. Simcoe Lee, and Clara Stanton. They met with a reverse at Dexter, Jefferson county, March 5th, the hall taking fire on the morning after their opening, by which all their scenery and stage fixtures, besides some of their wardrobe, were destroyed; but their enterprising manager, G. H. O'Harra, is still pushing things on, as if nothing had happened. James Matthews joins the company at Adams.

Mr. Weaver took his dramatic-company from Dayton, Ohio, to Lexington, Ky., where they gave "Fanchon," with Mrs. Stoddart as Fanchon, and Mr. Stoddart as Landry.

Miss Cameron did not meet with much encouragement during her recent performance at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. Mr. Aitken had a benefit at this house on the 6th, when Don Cæsar de Bazan was presented to a moderate house. Miss Charlotte Thompson was the card last week; she presented Fanchon, but with the exception of Mrs. Farren, her "support" was very bad.

Mrs. Hattie Bernard had a benefit at the Nashville Theatre, on the 6th of March, when she appeared as Camille to Claude Hamilton's Armand. She had the best house of the season, the ladies turning out in large force, notwithstanding the weather was unfavorable. At the conclusion of the play, Mrs. Bernard was loudly called for, and was led before the curtain by Mr. Hamilton, who, after bowing their thanks, were about to return, when Mr. Duffield entered and said—"MRS. BERNARD—A number of your friends have requested me to present to you this bouquet. Attached to it you will find a casket, containing a beautiful diamond ring, and a letter, containing an address from your many friends and admirers, thanking you for the many happy evenings they have spent in witnessing your chaste representations of the many and varied characters you have personated. For myself personally, and as manager, I beg to tender you my sincere thanks, and to assure you that, personally and professionally, I esteem you, and appreciate your talents, displayed in the many characters you assume, as beyond all praise." Mrs. Bernard modestly bowed her thanks to Mr. Duffield and to the audience, and retired amid thunders of applause from all parts of the house. The bouquet was a beautiful one, and the ring one of dazzling beauty, costing $125.

On Wednesday, March 11, Mrs. Matilda Heron Stoepel appeared at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, in the drama of "Edith, or the Earl's daughter," which was adapted for her, from the novel of "East Lynne." She was assisted on the occasion by Miss Mestayer, Mrs. France, and Mrs. Flood, and by Messrs. Pauncefort, Barron, Pearson, and one "Frank Mordant," an amateur of great promise. The house was crowded from the parquet to the amphitheatre, and that, too, by a first class audience, who testified their gratification at the performance by frequent applause, and by calling out Miss Heron at the close of the majority of the acts. As usual, the scenery was so badly managed as greatly to mar the effect of the performances. The closing scene of the second act was entirely spoiled by the falling of the curtain before "Morleigh" and "Mabel" appeared together and were seen by Edith, and in other respects the deficiencies of the stage appointments were such as would disgrace a third rate establishment. Of the acting of the principal personages above named, we have little to say; Miss Heron's Edith is unquestionably a powerful impersonation. Markham's (Frank Mordant) Richard Keith was an excellent piece of acting. He has a fine stage presentation, good action, and capital voice, and evidently needs but study and appplication to take high rank in the profession. Miss Mestayer creditably personated Miss Morleigh, and Barrow's Alfred was very good, as was Pauncefort's Rashton. Pearson, as the Justice, hit the humor of the house repeatedly, and was heartily applauded. As before, there was a miserably slim orchestra. The same company appear in Springfield on Monday, and New Haven on Tuesday, and again visit Brooklyn on Wednesday, the 18th inst.

At the Metropolitan, San Francisco, a number of benefits for military and fire companies had taken place, always drawing large houses. The Bianchi Opera Troupe appear two nights each week, but were not doing much.

Frank Drew, (brother to the late John Drew) who is now performing at the Arch Street, Philadelphia, is looked for in England, as it is said he is under an engagement with Mr. Henderson, to appear at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, during the present spring. Is that so, Frank?

The critics in Philadelphia are still pounding away at Mr. Forrest. He must be pretty well used to it by this time, having been before the public between thirty and forty years, and in all that time coming in for a full share of the attentions of "the gentlemen who write for the press." He has "worn out" three or four score of critics, and is still able to laugh to scorn a legion of them. We fear one great cause of this opposition to Mr. Forrest is, the fact of his having been born on American soil, and of his being popularly considered the greatest tragedian now treading the boards. Many of our papers are controlled by foreigners, and we think we do not err in stating that a majority of our "American critics" first saw the light in foreign climes. They admire our American coin, and greenbacks in the absence of coin, but they are evidently averse to other native American productions. Hence, Mr. Forrest being native born, and holding an enviable position in the dramatic world, must be "written down." But he "still lives," and by his acting gives the lie to his traducers.

The sensation drama, as we stated in our last, improved business at the Eureka Theatre, San Francisco. The first production of the sensation character, according to our correspondent Sherry Corbyn, was the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," embracing in the cast, Julia Dean Hayne, Mrs. W. H. Leighton, Miss Mowbray, Miss Hinckley, Mrs. Locke, Mrs. Burrill; Messrs. Mayo, Thorne, Anderson, and Phelps. This piece kept the boards for fourteen nights, to good houses, when it was withdrawn to give place to "Pauvrette," which ran eight nights, when the "Romance of a Poor Young Woman" was to have been produced, but, unfortunately, at a very late hour it was found that Miss Mowbray was too ill to appear, and the bill was changed, much to the annoyance of the audience, and loss to the treasury. This week, (dating Feb. 12) business has been good, with "Still Waters Run Deep," and "Pauvrette." Next week, John Brougham's drama of "Night and Morning" will be produced, and it is expected it will have as long a run as did the "Romance." This little theatre has become a favorite with the public, and with energetic management, is a sure fortune for its proprietor.

"The undersigned, citizens of Louisville," in a complimentary epistle, tendered Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence a testimonial benefit, "earnestly desiring" that they would accept, etc. Billy replied, and "with unfeigned pleasure" suggested Wednesday, March 11th, as being opportune for the proposed benefit. He and his fair partner would "ever strive to deserve the generous sentiments and kind regards" expressed in the letter of the undersigned.

Mr. Bandmann, the German tragedian, will make his *debut* on the Philadelphia stage, at the New Chestnut, on the 25th inst., succeeding Miss Western on the Forrest off nights. He is to perform in English.

Mr. Chanfrau and Miss Kate Fisher were giving entertainments in Easton and other towns in Pennsylvania last week. They are said to present very amusing performances, something in the style of Howard Paul's Patchwork, we believe. This week they perform in Newburgh and other towns along the Hudson.

We clip the following from the Louisville *Democrat*:—"Mr. Geo. Wood, of Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, is now here, hastening the completion of Mozart Hall into an histrionic temple. We learn that he has engaged a talented company—among them, Miss Bella Golden, the most pleasing and versatile actress that graced our old theatre. The "Wood's" will be opened on the 18th inst."

The Florences, who closed in Louisville, Ky., last week, appear this week in Cincinnati, having been engaged for Wood's Theatre, following Miss Jane Coombs, who has been well received there.

The new theatre in Louisville (Wood's) will open early this week, with John E. McDonough and his "Seven Sisters" as the first great attraction. The "Seven Sisters" is one of the most beautiful spectacles ever brought out, in the way of scenic effects, novelties, etc., and it is probable that it will create lively times at the new house. It was last produced at the Pittsburgh Theatre, where it attracted large audiences.

Gilbert's troupe of pantomimists (not Leslie's) gave their first show at the National, Cincinnati, on the 9th inst., to a slim house. The attendance improved afterwards, however. The troupe includes M'lle Sophie, premier danseuse; Mons. Gilbert—he is ter known as Harry—principal comique and director; M'lle Mathilde, second danseuse; Mons. Baptistain, premier dancer and ballet master; Signor Antonio, Arleen, etc. The programme comprised "Roquinet's Mishape," and "Asphodel, or the Magic Pen." Our correspondent "Stanwood" makes favorable mention of the performances

"All is quiet on the Rappahannock," writes a correspondent in the 139th Pennsylvania Volunteers. He says—"We have a theatre in full blast within three miles of us; but, unfortunately, the Rappahannock lies between, and numerous Gray Backs keep such a strict watch, that it is a matter of impossibility for us Blue Bellied Yankees to get even a pit seat. Business, I learn, is very brisk. *One of your New Yorkers*, I hear, is running the machine.....We have a glee club in our regiment, embracing some very good performers; one in particular, Lieut. Snodgrass, is one of the best amateur bassos I ever heard. Often, when the weather permits, we make night (hideous) lovely by our sweet strains.....There is an amateur theatrical company in an adjoining brigade, who give their first performance on the 11th, and in my next I will give you the particulars, and the names of the aspiring youths."

Laura Keene's company concluded their Washington engagement at Grover's Theatre, on the 14th. They appear in New York this week, and will be followed at Grover's by Messrs. Wallack and Davenport.

Miss Western's performances at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, still meet with great favor and financial success. The lady will give her final entertainment there, for the present, on the 21st inst., and then comes to New York.

Hale's Dramatic Company are meeting with good success at Rouse's Hall, Peoria, Ill. The following are the names of the company:—Charles J. Fyffe, leading man; G. F. Cline, W. J. Wiggins, George Beaumont, George Wilcox, O. H. Barr, Johnson, J. Props, Alice A. Harrison, Miss S. Clinetop, Miss L. Clinetop, Miss Clifford, Miss Minnie Lannier, Miss Murry. They have produced the "Marble Heart" and "Jessie Brown" during the past week, and are gaining rapidly in public favor. Mr. Hale is the "right sort" of a manager, and knows well how to cater for the amusement of the Peoria people.

Welsh Edwards was to have opened at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, last week, with a dramatic company.

Emma Waller followed Charlotte Thompson at the St. Louis Theatre on the 9th inst.

A play, by the late Judge Conrad, which was originally written for Edwin Forrest, has recently been purchased from that gentleman by the young actor, Edwin Adams. It is called the "Heretic," and although written a long time ago, was never performed. It is said to be full of fine dramatic effects, and clothed in the chaste and beautiful language which characterizes the works of Judge Conrad. It is probable that Mr. Adams will shortly produce the new play at the Arch Street, Philadelphia.

At Memphis, according to our latest reports, there was no place of amusement in operation but the theatre, which, we are informed, is doing remarkably well. Mr. B. R. Maginley, the stage manager, appears to be in great favor there. He had a benefit on the 3d inst., when the house was well filled in all parts, ladies even standing in the aisle. The bill comprised the "School for Scandal," singing by the Mahone brothers, double dance by Maginley and Mrs. Graham, comic duet by Mr. and Mrs. Tannehill, and the farce of "Scared to Death." At the conclusion of the first piece, Mr. Maginley was almost scared to death by being "called out"—it was not to fight a duel, however; neither was it to make an apology; on the contrary, it was for a far different purpose, "as you shall shortly see." He had concluded a fine talk to the audience, and was about retiring, when a gentleman arose from among the audience, sprang upon the stage, seized Maginley, and presented him with the snug sum of $500, in crisp greenbacks, "all lovely to behold." Of course there had to be more speechifying, etcetera; but Maginley had the best of the argument already stowed away in his pockets. It was a grand gala night for old Memphis. Wednesday, the 4th, was set apart for the benefit of T. B. Radcliffe. Last week, the theatre had some competition, we presume, as several exhibitions were announced to step in.

One of the St. Louis papers devotes a full column to a splendid notice of Miss Charlotte Thompson, winding up with a bit of poetry entitled "Little Barefoot," inscribed to Miss T. Charlotte has certainly "got in her right" with effect, on the good folks of St. Louis.

Of events in Pittsburgh, we have a budget of items from our correspondent "Now and Then," whose silence for the few weeks past was caused partially by absence from the city, and he now gives us memoranda of theatrical affairs transpiring in that place. He says:—Mr. J. E. McDonough completed his third week of his spectacular piece of the "Seven Sisters," at the theatre, on Saturday, March 7. He has done an immense business, and was well supported by the public for the splendid manner in which he, with the assistance of Manager Henderson, put the "Sisters" upon the stage. Our people pronounce the last scene magnificent, but do not think much of the language of the piece. In fact, one of our afternoon papers came out with several articles severely condemning it, and stated that it contains language which is disloyal, and that no patriot would go to see it. This, however, did no harm, for the houses increased nightly, which is one of the best signs of popularity. During last week, McDonough introduced Uncle Sam in the second act, which did not appear to take, and it was withdrawn on the third night. From here McDonough goes to Louisville, where he opens next Monday, 16th inst.....On the 9th, Mr. Couldock and daughter commenced an engagement. They have been here since the 1st inst., and rumor has it that they received a consideration to give way in favor of the "Sisters," who were to have left Pittsburgh on the 28th ult. Mr. Couldock has long been a favorite with our citizens, and, notwithstanding that he does not always play to crammed houses, still he never fails to attract the *elite*, and always makes money both for himself and the management. His daughter is not so well known, and does not create the same *furore*, but on the occasion of her last visit, she was well spoken of by both the press and the public. The "Willow Copse" was the opening piece, in which Miss C. personated Rose, and reflected credit upon herself.....Several changes have been made in the stock of the "Old Drury" during the past two or three weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Myron, who were liked, have gone to your city, where they have an engagement, and Mr. Mordaunt seceded a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Henderson is anxious to make some additions, and as he stands "A 1" in his profession pecuniarily, there is little doubt but he will have numerous refusals of persons of acknowledged ability. Miss Annie Eberle took Mrs. Myron's place on Monday, and was well received. The general favorite, Charley Foster, accepted a stock engagement on Monday, and is now one of the shining lights of the theatre, where his father before him managed successfully in days gone by, for a number of seasons. Miss Kate Seldon, she with the rich papa, is making rapid improvement in her acting, and is gaining firm friends daily. She still continues to keep up quite a flutter among the "young bloods," and it would seem as though the number will never diminish who would be introduced and receive the approving smiles of the spirited and pretty Kate. Miss Lizzie Gillet Johnson is still with us. She thoroughly understands the various antics of the stage, and she receives great commendation for the correct manner in which she attends to all the little things which go to make the studying artiste an expert in the professional duties of the stage. Miss Lizzie has a bright future before her if she will only continue to persevere in the same diligent style that has heretofore made her noticeable.....Friends of Miss Ettie Henderson residing in our town, are frequently in receipt of letters from the other side of the water, detailing her triumphs and successes throughout England. Ettie has always been a favorite with Pittsburghers, and her numerous admirers are overjoyed to learn that she is doing so well among our English cousins.

Guy Mannering, with the original music, was in preparation at Duffield's Nashville Theatre. The "Corsican Brothers" was also underlined.

Miss Kate Denin produced her drama of East Lynne, at the Norfolk, Va., Opera House, on the 9th inst., with the following cast:—Archibald Carlyle, Mr. H. W. Gossin; Francis Levison, Mr. H. Clayton; Richard Hare, Mr. J. A. Oates; Lord Mont Severn, Mr. J. Graver; Justice Hare, Mr. J. L. Gallagher; Mr. John Dill, Mr. J. Saville; Mr. Drake, Mr. Wise; Officer, Mr. Green; William, Miss Amelia; Isabel—Madam Vine—Miss Kate Denin; Barbara Hare (with song), Mrs. Fred. Williams; Miss Corney Carlyle, Mrs. M. L. Berrell; Mrs. Hare, Miss Belle Williams; Joice, Mrs. Frank Drew; Wilson, Miss Annie Morgan. The piece could not have taken very well, for on the 11th, the Doom of Deville, and Married Life were performed, with Miss Denin in both pieces. Aurora Floyd, the Woman in White, and the Daughter of the Regiment were underlined. S. W. Glenn and A. Oates are the lessees of the house, and Mr. James Gallagher is stage manager.

Mr. Eddy finished a not very profitable engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 14th inst. J. S. Clarke is announced for three nights this week, commencing on the 16th.

E. F. Haman, who nursed the drama in its infancy in New Haven, Conn., is a member of the 27th C. V., and said to be "some" in the way of making fire places and chimnies in the quarters of the soldiers. 'Lisha always was a good fellow, and he still seems to have in view the amusement as well as comfort of his friends.

Cubas has proved a great card for Manager McVicker, at Chicago. This is the fourth week of her engagement. The theatre has been crowded nightly. Country people, who were probably affected with "Cubas on the brain," have even flocked there to see her; and on the 11th, fifty couple were present from Oshkosh, Wis. Considering that the railroad fare from Oshkosh and return is $12, this is paying rather dear for a sight at the fair Isabel as the French Spy.

Touching an article in our last in reference to the "early closing movement" at Grover's Washington Theatre, we have received the following communication from the manager, and as we like our readers to hear both sides of a story, we give it in full:—Grover's Theatre, Washington, March 13th, 1863—FRANK QUEEN—EDITOR CLIPPER: In your paper of the 14th inst., a correspondent, "Peep," does me injustice in an article referring to the close of my winter season. It was certainly not my intention to close the theatre at the time I did for the purpose of reorganization, but I was actually compelled to do so, and thereby afforded several, who had perhaps already determined to do so, an opportunity of making engagements elsewhere—to my knowledge and belief, a change satisfactory to all parties. During the past season, commencing August 31st, my company has been one of the largest in America, and with no desire to be egotistical, will say *the* largest. In evidence of the truth of this statement, during the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams (five weeks), the members of my stock company were thus performing:—Mr. D. Setchell, "starring" at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia; Miss Lotty Hough, "starring" at Pittsburgh; Miss Kate Denin, "starring," at Baltimora Museum and Walnut Street Theatre; Mr. Lawrence P. Barrett, at the Winter Garden, New York; five members of my company were assuming the principal characters in "East Lynne," in support of Miss Lucille Western, while the remainder assisted the performance of Mr. and Mrs. Williams through an engagement of the term above stated, and which in immensity has but one parallel in this country. With such artists as are known to have been connected with my establishment the past season, and the general heavy demand elsewhere for the services of this class of professionals, you will readily admit of the large and sometimes extravagant salaries I have paid. Now to a main point. During the latter portion of the engagement of the Williamses, after the return of nearly all the company, it became necessary to use the majority of the company to produce properly, some of the very "full" pieces of Mr. and Mrs. W., and now was evinced by a few members of the company a dissatisfaction which had evidently been growing with the desire on their part to connect themselves with some other establishment, where larger salaries had been offered them. In this state of affairs, for the accommodation of the few, and that all might mutually and properly understand their engagements (many of which were verbal), I announced the close of the season, and had printed, for a regulation of the theatre, a series of rules, which were formerly but little understood. These rules, which your correspondent denominates "ridiculous," were not so; they were a necessity, and I believe should be employed in every theatre. In and I believe should be employed in every theatre. In character, they were at the same time comprehensible and r

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper.6cts	Subscription for 6 months.$1 50
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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

A TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF SPORT—EVERYBODY SUITS THEMSELVES—SCARCITY OF "LAMBS"—MORRISON AND HIS PONY—SANCHO PANZA THE SECOND—ANOTHER HUMAN CURIOSITY—THE "WHAT WAS IT"—ITS PECULIARITIES—IT DOES A SKATING ACT—STILL ANOTHER BUTT—HE PLAYS A SOLO—HOW IT WAS RECEIVED—IN MEMORIAM—THE TRAVELLING BARBER—ANOTHER "STOW-AWAY"—A VERY AIRY CUSS—THE REASON DIDN'T LIKE HIM, WITH A CHALLENGE.

A repetition of Tuesday's games was the order for Wednesday, but I don't intend to waste time on descriptions of who did or who didn't distinguish himself. It had already got to be an old thing with many, or else they had other things to attend to. While the Grecian games were in full blast, I noticed several pairs break ranks and go off as happy as turtle doves, and hide away in secluded corners. When I joked with them about it, or asked them why they were not attending the races, they turned it off by saying that I was only jealous at not being able to hunt up somebody myself. W-w-w-what an idea! Me, jealous! Well, after that I shall believe most anything. At the same time, remember, my movements *did* look rather suspicious, and perhaps I *was* watching for a "lamb." It's of no consequence, so long as none turned up.

Getting disgusted because of so many better-looking fellows on board, I set to work teasing Lieutenant Morrison's Shetland pony, and "got a bite" for my trouble. This pony got to be quite a pet with the passengers. Its owner, the aforesaid jeweler of Hudson street, who fought bravely and well among his comrades of the Seventy-Ninth Highlanders, was a somewhat eccentric gentleman; the sort of a man who, instead of snickering, smiling, and giving assent to everybody and everything, had the rare trait of speaking out his mind on all occasions—not for the sake of contrariness, or to be opposite, but as a man. His eccentricity to us consisted in the wearing of a very high crowned glazed cap—something of the Sancho Panza pattern, and when associating this fact and his owning the colt, it's not to be wondered at that his presence always called to mind Old Sancho. To see this same Highlander among his clans at Captain Manson's rendezvous brings back "the old grudge," and everything comes fresh to view. The Shetland he brought over is the envy of all parents with little ones, when they watch the Lieutenant's youngest boy doing a trot to give him an appetite for his provender. The late Archy Greaves used to have a cunning team belonging to the Tom Thumb breed of horses, and once or twice I've handled the ribbons over their backs, but they won't come up to this one of Mr. Morrison's.

"Lemesee;" I spoke about some of our people making love to each other, while other poor devils, anxious for a little notoriety, were running their latter end off. Just so, but if the ordinary pastimes didn't create enough excitment among the "lovyers," there was another thing that did. We had a sort of "indescribable" cuss on board, with less brains than breeches, of a different style altogether from Old Red Top, mentioned in my last. He was a bouncer both in his walk and talk; had a vacant, idiotic stare; was fat and always looked greasy; his bugle ran in a line with his forehead, and his chin tapered off, giving a very comical look to his profile; he lisped, hemmed and hawed, and—aw—'pon honor he did—aw; he had just enough cat whiskers to swear by, which he stroked continually; prided himself on his "lilly-white hand" (guess he used Gouraud's Medicated Soap) and "sweet little foot;" but if he possessed these in small parcels, he also owned material enough in that part where his coat tails hung, for half a dozen ordinary-sized mortals. This distinguished personage (they said he was the son of a lord, whatever that means) thought to create a sensation in one act (and doubtless dreamed of it all night), by introducing the parlor skate. With this idea, he brought out his winter clothes, fur cap, gloves, etc., etc., and with short cane and meerschaum, sallied forth, *a la* Jackson Haines, at a terrific speed (considering the disadvantage he labored under at the stern), amid the huzzas of the Dreadys, and the hi hi's of the democracy, interspersed with trials of skill as to who could first hit him on the horn with tin-foil, to decide bets of wine and whiskey. Heedless of these missiles, on, on he dashed, "like a female smugular," all round the vessel.

After the musical honors were awarded him by the band, at the conclusion of his feat, another tycoon belonging to the first cabin, offered his services. He owned a silver bugle, and had been itching to make his mark a day or two before, but nobody took any notice of him; we all thought him one of the Dutchmen hired to furnish the music, wait on table, and wash the dishes. Probably he got wind of this; at any rate, he came out all fixed up—velvet coat, peg-top trousers, and Scotch cap, similar to that worn by Uncle Abe on his way to be inaugurated. I din't see Father Abraham at that time; if he looked half as bad as our silver bugler, he *must* have been a "guy." Mr. Silver Bugle, after the band had tooted, was escorted to the Bridge, where, after making as polite a bow as he knew how, he started with "Annie Laurie," and I swear to massy, by the noise, you'd think he was taking advantage of the poor Scotch lassie, and these were her cries for help. "Go it, Sandy!" "Romeo! Romeo!" "Who stole the donkey?" "How's your poor feet?" "Somebody get the swab!" These and other similar ejaculations greeted our friend with the silver bugle; but they were so mixed up with applause, he didn't know the difference, taking it all in good faith, and that they wanted some more. Just as he was about starting, however, the regulars commenced, so Sawney had to "come down" from his lofty position, and "dry up."

Even the delicate-looking, gentle wife of Mr. Edwin Booth seemed to enjoy these ridiculous scenes. Would that she could now! Poor Mary! I can scarcely realize that one so kind, affectionate, and true, should thus summarily be taken from earth, unless for a higher and better world. Not a soul on board but that respected and inwardly loved this most excellent woman; every good quality beamed from her large, sad eyes—kindness, affection, and love. May we all be as well prepared to go into the presence of our Great and Mysterious Creator as she was.

It takes considerable time to notice all the little doings on shipboard, and there's always something new. "Frinstance," when we set to work planning what to do the remainder of the day, a young person turned up with books, charts, medals, and pictures, of the Big Ship in all shapes and sizes, and at all prices. He went round peddling them, selling quite a number. This same person acted as barber to the passengers, and goes and comes every trip. The officers appeared to be down on him for some cause or other, and tried to prevent him from following his craft; so far he has proved too shrewd for them. The Company never refuse anybody's fare, and as he pays every time and takes good care nobody else at the same business heads him off, nobody can find fault with him for his smartness. Probably he neglects to "see" them after the style of many of our policemen—a "five," you know, goes a very long way towards keeping a man from a night's lodging. If you are skeptical, ask Long John—he's posted; or Barney the Baron might do equally as well; or the Head Super kens a thing or two. I forget our barber's name; he was a natty, spruce-looking little fellow, though, and always puts up in style at the Albion Hotel during the Great Eastern's time of laying out in the stream. The expense for dockage is so much greater than to load the ship by tugs, that the latter course is now adopted altogether, both at Liverpool and New York. Occasionally I have met "Figaro" (not "Yours as much as Anybodies,") who is a gay boy, and while in this city goes it pretty lively.

There is still another individ. I forgot to mention; a man who for some time, though in reality only a steerage passenger, sat at our second cabin table, and for the first few days had the cheek to feed in the first cabin. This half-breed very likely got over for nothing; he knew all the officers—that's why I think he "played shanagans" on the Great Eastern Company, and beat them out of a passage. He might have got along all right but for one thing; we all had tickets, and could only get a place to sleep by producing them. True, the steward, for a "consideration," could have smuggled him into a good berth the same as he did another of the steerage gents into my bed, had there been room; but on this trip they had several hundred more than was anticipated, and Mr. Steward felt quite satisfied with the first exposure not to care for a second. Here's where we had Mr. Brass Face. The "stow-away" has often been caricatured in the pages of *Punch*—half-landsman, half-seaman, he aped the costume of a yachtsman, carried an opera glass slung over his shoulder, wore kids and an eye glass (how's that for steerage, eh?) a cheap, fashionably-made suit, shooting boots, and so forth. He smoked incessantly—out of a bogus meerschaum, and awful strong tobacco. His face looked the color of his profession—a "beat." According to his story, he was on Her Majesty's service, the bearer of important dispatches (more likely to be running away from Glasgow Yard,) and a "stow-away" at that. Good Hevinks! as Louis Clark used to say when he doubted an assertion; what a lark it would be to haul him up before Queen Vic. If anybody wants to pay my passage to and fro, I'd go specially to see that trial; a fine chance for some sea captain, but don't all speak at once, as I can only go over in one ship. As I said before, Old Brass Face used to be in our shanty pretty often, and—shall it be divulged?—it was he that made love to Kentucky's wife while that worthy was playing bluff! Yes, 'twas he—'twas he! That's why I'm so hard on him. This to you in confidence, because if Kentucky knew it, it would be all over with the "stow-away." I wouldn't care a cent if a second "Lucie D'Arville" had been enacted there and then, only for the young lady's sake—Brass Face might share Chevalier de Vitrey's fate, but I wish no harm to Lucie. It works upon a fellow's feelings to get "cut out," especially by a seedy adventurer; it makes me mad to think of it, and were the "villain" anywhere this side of the Rappahannock I'd have his—well, I'd put the gloves on with him. So, look out, Brassey; unless as good as your great namesake, you'll stand a poor show with the fighting editor of a great sporting paper.

P. S.—If the genteel "stow-away" will come over here, I'll pay half the expenses. This challenge is open for nine months—time enough for anything!

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FORTY-SEVEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

ROBERT KEELEY.

Born in England in 1793. He was apprenticed by his mother to Hansard, the celebrated printer, whom he soon left, and by the advice of a "theatrical agent," made up his mind to become an actor. He accordingly made his *debut* in a wretched strolling company.

Appeared at the Olympic and Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in 1819. Soon after this he appeared at Sadler's Wells and the Adelphi, where his delineation of "Cocknies" gave him a start in the profession. At Covent Garden he became a great favorite, and it was while at this theatre that he married Miss Gavard, then a great favorite with the public.

In 1836, in company with his wife, he visited America, and made his *debut* September 19, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Peter Spyke, in "A Loan of a Lover." First appeared in Philadelphia, October 15th, 1836, at the Chestnut, as Peter Spyke. After visiting all the principal cities South and West, he returned to England and became a permanent member of the Haymarket Theatre, London.

MRS. ROBERT KEELEY.

"She studied nature, too, as well as art!"

Maiden name, Gavard. Was born in England in 1806. It was in the Norwich circuit that she first attained a knowledge of her art; made her *debut* July 2d, 1825, in London, at the English Opera House, as Rosina, and Little Pickle, in "The Spoiled Child." She soon became a great favorite, and was considered second only to Madame Vestris in the lively soubrettes, and to Miss Kelly in the melo-drama. While here, she married Mr. Keeley. Theatricals in England, about this time, were in a bad state, and were daily getting from bad to worse. Having a short time previous received overtures from Stephen Price, of the Park Theatre, New York, she, in company with her husband, left their native land, and arriving in America, made her *debut* Sep. 19th, 1836, as Gertrude, in "A Loan of a Lover." First appeared in Philadelphia, October 15, 1836, as Lucille, in the piece of the same name, at the Chestnut. After visiting the principal cities, she returned to England.

EDMUND SIMPSON.

Born in 1784; educated for a mercantile life, but "had a soul above buttons;" so he ran away, and took to the stage: opened first at a little village called Towcester, in May, 1806, appearing as Baron Steinfort, in "The Stranger," and Fainwould, in "Raising the Wind." The theatre was well filled, and the applause was general. His salary was twenty shillings a week. The first interview he had with the manager of the theatre was when mounted on a ladder, cleaning his lamp at the back door. He stopped a short time with him and went to Buckingham, where he had the pleasure of playing in a larger stable than the one in which he first made his appearance; his clothes he used to put in the manger while dressing. After being in the town a short time, he finally captivated the heart of a milliner, who kept a very decent shop; he proposed, but was not accepted. He then left for Dover, Margate, Brighton, and thence to Dublin; from whence he arrived in America, being engaged by Dr. Irving, for Messrs. Price and Cooper.

His first appearance before an American audience took place October 22d, 1809, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Harry Dornton, in "The Road to Ruin;" from 1810, was manager of the Park Theatre, in conjunction with Price, for a great many years, and during his management he introduced nearly all the European talent to this country. In 1848, he retired from the management, and died the same year, in New York. Denied by nature the possibility of being graceful, he endeavored to make up his defects by close attention to his business. His chief defects were a whining song management of his voice, that savored more of the rant of a methodist preacher than the genuine expression of natural feeling.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES STARK.

Made their first appearance in California, at the Kearney Street Theatre, San Francisco, in 1850. In January, 1856, Mrs. Stark (who was formerly Mrs. Kirby) was manageress of the Union Theatre, San Francisco.

After an absence of eight years, they returned to the United States, and appeared at Wallack's Theatre, New York, making their *debut* April 5th, 1858, in the play of "The Gamester."

Mr. Stark has a fine, manly presence, a good voice, and a bold, earnest, impassioned style.

Mrs. Stark may be set down as a clever actress, and in a stock company, would be a valuable acquisition. Her sprightliness and smile, which she most liberally displays, always insure her a favorable reception. Both at present in California.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. E. BRENZINGER.—Is our criticism on the last move of this week's game correct?—please illuminate. Will you have the kindness, when you send that next batch of games, to give your solution of the 5-move problem at the end of your 11-move "French Defence." Are you *sure* there is no flaw?

FRED'CK KEYES, Boston.—Many thanks for the interesting information so fully and kindly placed at our disposal. Surely, what little Chess there is left should make common cause and common interest around its remaining public representative, the CLIPPER. Now complete our obligations to you by furnishing us the score of a few good games from your club, past or present.

C. F. HOWARD, Boston.—May we not look to you, old friend, to aid in carrying out this last request?

E. W. BRYANT, Chicago.—Your letter with its Chess information is most acceptable; the prospect of hearing from Chicago Chess, occasionally, is like finding an oasis in a desert. Have you found leisure and inclination to work upon the proposed Review of the new Chess Code?

ENIGMA No. 372.

From the Chess Player's Chronicle.

BY HERR HORWITZ.

at Q 7, KR 3, K 3, K 6, QR 4, QB 2, K 2, KR 2, & 5.

at Q 4, K 5, K R 2, K R 3d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 372.

WORLD'S CONGRESS SECOND PRIZE PROBLEMS.

"AUT CÆSAR AUT NIHIL."

BY SIGNOR JOSEF PLACHUTTA.

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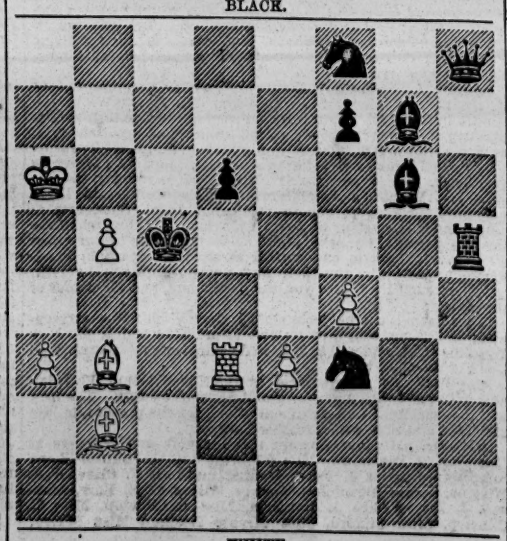

WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 372.

Partie recently contested between our contributors John Schlesinger and F. Eugene Brenzinger.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Schlesinger.	Defence, Brenzinger.	Attack, Schlesinger.	Defence, Brenzinger.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..B × Kt P (*b*)	K R to Kt sq
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..Q B-B 6	Q Kt × B
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	13..Q-R 4 +	Q-her 2
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	14..Q × Q Kt	R × Kt P +
5..P-Q B 3	K B-B 4	15..K-his R sq	Q-K R 6
6..Castles	P-Q 3	16..Q Kt-Q 2	Q B-Kt 5
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	17..Q B × Kt	K × Q B (*c*)
8..B P × P	K B-Kt 3	18..Q-her Kt 3	Q R-K Kt sq
9..P-Q 5 (*a*)	Q Kt-R 4	19. P-Q R 4	R × R P +,
10..Q B-Kt 2	K Kt-K 2		and the Defence wins. (*d*)

(*a*) A form of continuing this assault that seems to us to be applicable only to an inferior or very nervous antagonist.

(*b*) The counter attack from the Rook is, in a majority of cases, so annoying as to render this capture injudicious.

(*c*) With everything just to his own notions of propriety.

(*d*) We give this "as 'twas given us;" but now when K Kt takes R, we must say the win (if there be one immediately) is very ingenious. In fact, we suspect some oversight or omission in the record, and can see that if the Defence play 19..Q B takes K Kt, the Attack must be mated, or lose his Queen. Will our contributor "look to 't?"

BOSTON CHESS CLUB.—By the kindness of our Boston (Mass.) correspondent, we are enabled to present the following account of this flourishing association for keeping alive the flame of love on gentle Caissa's altar, even in the very midst of savage Mars' fiercest clangor for blood. We haven't heard such kindly and welcome news from Boston Chess for more than a year. Our correspondent says:—"The officers of our club are: J. W. Stone, Pres't; Joshua Crane, Sec'y; Frederick Keyes, Treasurer; Simon Willard, and Preston Ware, Jr., Vice Pres'ts. Our club room is in Mercantile Building, Summer street, and is open day and night through the week. Our average number of members is 50. Our attendance is generally better in the afternoon than during any other part of the day. There are no matches or tournaments in progress at present among us. Your friends Rabuski and C. F. Howard are still with the club. Mr. George Hammond has been out of chess practice for some time, but will probably resume soon. He is a life member of our club, and probably the strongest player we have. The other strong players, or at least some of them, are Messrs. Rabuski, Richardson, Ware, Parker, Howard, and one or two others. For its size, and players, it will probably compare at par with either New York, Philadelphia, or any other city. I hope soon to send you a solution of Mr. Schlesinger's last problem. It is a hard one, I admit, but I never saw a problem yet which I could not solve, if I determined to."

[J. P. Swan, of Detroit, is the only person, thus far, who has solved this fine position.—ED.]

DEATH OF EDWIN J. WELLER.—By the same letter which brought the welcome news in the above paragraph, we were surprised and pained to learn of the death of our correspondent Edwin J. Weller. For two or three years we looked to him, with one or two others, for reports, games, and problems from Boston. We shall see his well-known and welcome "hand" no more. We had not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. He had at least one problem in the *Chess Player's Chronicle* (1851, p. 35.) He was a nephew of Jas. Thompson, Esq., of New York. His age we do not know. Our correspondent's announcement of the untimely event is as follows:—"Mr. Edwin J. Weller, our former treasurer,, and one of the original founders of our present club [we have a lively remembrance of his efforts], I regret to say was seriously wounded at Fredericksburg, and has since died. The last game he ever played in Boston was with me in the club room. When leaving with his regiment, he said he was only going on a little excursion South. He had worked his way to a lieutenancy at the time of his death." Cheney, Leonard, Weller! Heaven spare us any further extension of the list!

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EYPRESS.—Nothing from B., of Philadelphia.

A. H. MERCER, Wellsville, N. Y.—Suter appears this week. Thanks. The "latch string hangs out."

P. T. W., Philadelphia.—Many thanks for the end-games of our old and valued correspondent, E. Hull. Certainly; send along more.

NOBODY, Philadelphia.—Thanks. The position is on file for examination.

A. K. VANNATTA, Philadelphia.—Your card appears this week. We endorse your views regarding the Championship entirely. B, of Philadelphia, is flesh and blood; at least we judge this to be the fact. Our evidence consists of documents with the said B's fist thereunto appended. No bogus correspondence taken on board the CLIPPER.

R. ROBT. G. K. The posish grows interesting, and promises to rival Capt. Marryatt's celebrated triangular duel.

G. W. C., Frederick, Md.—Thanks for positions. Will be examined. The correction appended in the following CLIPPER.

HINES SEES HIM, AND GOES TEN BETTER.—MR. EDITOR: Allow me to draw "A Looker On's" attention to the following style of play, in which he will find that I am still correct, and that he and Mr. Drummond are wrong.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..17	to 22	4	to 8	4..30	to 25	16	to 19(*a*)
2..22	25	8	11	5..25	30	19	24
3..25	30	11	16	6..30	25	23	27

Drawn. (*b*)

(*a*) The move.

(*b*) Can "A Looker On see this hole in the skimmer?"

HINES.

CARD.

MR. EDITOR: My attention was called a day or two since to an editorial communication in the CLIPPER, asking my address, and also a reply to a challenge, which for the first time I had learned, appeared in a previous number of that paper. I am further informed that you have claimed for me the title of champion, on account of my unaccepted challenge to Mr. Spayth. Now, as I never could learn why or how Mr. S. had any claim to such title, it is impossible to see how his refusal could confer upon me what he never possessed. A Champion who wishes to wear such recognized distinction, is clearly one who must publicly be known to be prepared at all times, after reasonable notice, to meet any challenger on equal terms—and for a stake certainly sufficient to make the object to be gained paramount to the loss of time—expense and trouble. He should, therefore, have command of sufficient leisure to comply with these requisites. Now, as I have no such time at disposal, it would be simply ridiculous to assume a title which I could not and did not intend honorably to defend. As to a game through the columns of the paper, independently from its tediousness, your correspondent, if he is a player, should know would be no test of the relative merits of the players. His proposition is declined.

A. K. VANATTA.

WELLSVILLE, Feb., 20, 1863.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—Please find below a sample of Mr. Spayth's style. Those pinning their faith to his compiled work as a guide, will find "things considerably mix'd."

Yours truly, A. H. MERCER.

GAME No. 49—Vol. X.

SUTER.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	13..18	to 25	16	to 11
2.. 9	14	22	17	14.. 7	23	27	4
3.. 6	9	17	13	15..12	16	24	20
4.. 2	6	25	22	16..16	19	20	16
5.. 8	11	29	25	17..19	24	16	12
6.. 4	8	24	20	18..10	15	4	8
7..15	24	28	19	19..15	18	26	22
8..11	15	27	24	20..24	27	22	15
9..14	17	21	14	21..27	31	8	11
10.. 9	18	31	27	22..31	26(*a*)	30	23
11.. 5	9	20	16	23.. 6	9	13	6
12.. 9*	14	25	21	24.. 1	26		

And certainly Blacks can draw.

22.. 6	9	13	6	26..25	29	15	10(*b*)
23.. 1	19	11	15	27..29	26(*c*)	10	17
24..19	24	15	19	28..25	22	17	26
25..24	28	19	15	29..31	22		

And if White "aint" careful, Black will win.

(1)

As played by Henry Spayth.

26..		15	10	29..31	26	10	14
27..14	18	21	17	30..26	22†	14	17
28..18	23	17	13				

At this stage the Spectator's champion boldly proclaims it won for the White.

Notes by A. H. M.

* Var. 39, Suter game.

(*a*) This move was beyond his calculation.

(*b*) See Position No. 46. Black to play and draw.

(*c*) Black prefers changing his base.

† We leave every player to draw his own conclusions.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 49—Vol. X.

BY A. J. M.

Black.		White.	
1..21	to 17	28	to 19
2..18	23	9	27
3.. 1	6	2	9
4.. 3	8	12	3
5..17	13	3	10
6..13	29, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 113th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..13	to 9	23	to 32
2..30	25	29	22
3.. 8	3, and wins.		

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
8.. 7	10	17	14
9..10	17	22	13
10..15	22	26	17

POSITION No. 50—Vol. X.

SELECTED BY EXPRESS.

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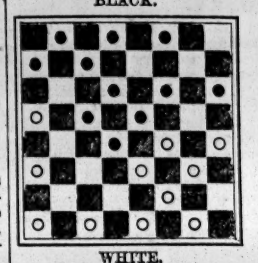
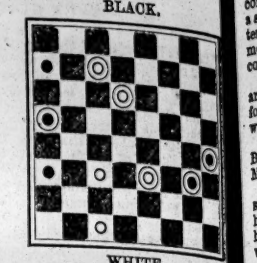


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 113th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND THE UNKNOWN, £200 A SIDE AND THE BELT.—The deposit supposed to be due on Thursday, Feb. 26, was not put down at Jack Hicks's, the King's Arms, Whitechapel-road, the mistake as to date having been found out. Nevertheless, the backers of the Unknown were ready at the stakeholder's yesterday, with the money, £25, while Mace took his deposit himself, and at the same time, showed the Wyndham Presentation Cup, which promises to become as famous as the Belt itself. When the articles for Mace's two matches were examined, it was found that the deposit due on Friday was that between Jem and Joe Goss. Mace, of course, staked his £30, while Mr. W. Saunders posted the coal for Joe Goss. There is no reliable information respecting the Unknown, although a new candidate for the honor has been found, according to report, in a very big and clever one from the neighborhood of Nottingham, who has "performed wonders" (saith the Midland division) with the ambidextrous old warrior, Bendigo. The above we do not vouch for, but assert with full confidence, that whoever may be the successful candidate for the Championship, will most decidedly have his hands full. A well-known pugilist, whose advent in England and sensation battle "once on a time" roused the whole of the civilized world, does intend to fight after all, and is taking a step in advance, for a whisper is already afloat amongst those "who ought to know," that he will once more show in the so-called magic circle. Mace called upon us yesterday, and brought the Wyndham Cup (the presentation of which we gave a full account on Wednesday) for inspection, which has fully come up to our anticipations. The trophy is about 20in. in height, having on the lid a statuette of Mace about 4in. in height, and a correct likeness of Master James. On the body of the cup there are two shields, on one of which is the following inscription:—"Presented to James Mace, Champion of England, by W. F. Wyndham, Esq., Fellbrig Hall, Norfolk, for his bravery in his public career, and good conduct in private. The reverse shield is occupied by a faithful representation of the ropes and stakes, with a couple of boxers in attitude. The other work of the cup is of a most elaborate description, and whatever the value of the presentation cup may be, there is no doubt that it is one of the most taking in appearance that has ever been presented to a pugilist. The next deposit of £25 a side has to be posted next week, with the stakeholder, and the Unknown has to be named on Friday, March 27.—*Sporting Life, Feb.* 28.

REMARKS OF ILL. SPORTING NEWS, Feb. 28.

This week's deposit—£25 a side—has been handed in to Jack Hicks, of Whitechapel-road, and is now in the hands of the final stakeholder. Nothing further has transpired to unravel the mystery as to the Unknown, and the best informed in sporting circles are as much at fault as ourselves as to the "real salt." Mr. Dowling, having had occasion to reprimand Mace for detaining the belt, the latter has returned it, and explained his motives for so long retaining it. The trophy will now be lent to King for his benefit at Newcastle, and we shall be glad to hear of a determination on the part of the stakeholder not to part with it again, under any circumstances, until we once more have a *bona-fide* Champion of England. These petty squabbles are very unseemly, and whoever participates, in any shape or way, in the cause, do themselves no credit, and injure the fair prospects of the Prize Ring.

WHAT BELL'S LIFE SAYS.

The rumors as to this said Unknown appear to have been redoubled since the publication of the letters of last week, and the match is the topic of conversation in all directions—but we have, at present, no clue to the mystery. That there are one or two good big ones somewhere looming in the distance is certain. We hear of one coming man in that great milling nursery, Nottingham, who is reported superior to Bendigo or Caunt in their best days; and in another district we have authority for saying a big one exists, for whom a very well-known sporting man holds a commission, to stake £500, or even £1,000, to fight any man in England, the match to be made either at once, or after the decision of the forthcoming mill. All these facts tend to show that the milling spirit is reviving more strongly than ever, and that we are on the eve of as exciting a set of battles as commenced with the first mill for the present belt with Tom Sayers and the Tipton Slasher, and ended with Tom's great battle with Heenan. Let us hope the ending will be more satisfactory.

JEM MACE AND JOE GOSS, FOR £1,000, AT 10ST 10LB, MACE STAKING £600 TO £400.—Another deposit, of £30 on the part of Jem Mace, and £20 on the part of Joe Goss, was staked on Thursday, Feb. 26, at Mr. Tupper's, Waterloo road. The next deposit, of similar amounts, has to be staked in a month's time, at a house to be named by Mace.

PROTRACTED FIGHT

BETWEEN

BARNEY REGAN AND YOUNG WELSH, OF BIRMINGHAM.

These lads, who for some time past have been matched to fight at catch-weight, for £5 a side, met on Monday, Feb. 23, in the Home district, to settle their differences. Welsh had been taken in hand by that master of the art, Jemmy Welsh, and Barney was backed from Mr. Hinchliffe's, Lambeth. The start was from a well-known railway station, early in the morning, and a not very long journey was made ere the ropes and stakes were lifted from the luggage-van. This was a signal for all to alight, and after traversing a mile or so of marsh land, the ring was pitched on a nice level bit of turf. No time was lost in getting to work. Regan was the first to shy his cap into the ring. He was attended by Jerry Hawkes and Bull, of the Borough. He was soon followed by Welsh, esquired by Young Harrington and G. Henley. Welsh won the toss for corners, and during the toilets of the men, a referee was agreed on. All things being in readiness, at ten minutes past ten they stood up for the fight. On facing each other, a great disparity in size was visible, Regan standing a few inches over his adversary, and weighing some 10st 4lb, while Welsh would not pull the beam at more than 8st 8lb. There was also as great a difference in style as in size, for while Welsh stood in a most artistic manner, moving lightly round his man, Barney stood as firm as a rock, and almost as immovable. Barney commenced operations by trying his left, but it was out of all distance. Welsh returned on the left eye, and they at once closed, and, after a scramble, both were down. As round succeeded round, the same style of fighting continued. Welsh took a decided lead, getting on to his man repeatedly with both hands, and, with the exception of some body-blows, escaping the returns of Regan, who fought wildly. In the eighth round, Welsh gained first blood from a flush hit on the nose, but in the next round Regan made it even by throwing his man heavily and falling on him, Welsh's arm being in a very awkward position, and hurting his shoulder severely. From this point the fight became most tedious, Welsh, who could not use his right, resorting to the dropping system; but the slippery state of the ring was so bad that the referee made every allowance for him, although repeatedly appealed to. Round after round did they come up, Welsh dashing in with his left, and, before Regan could get hold of him, slipping down, but several times receiving some severe hits from Barney's right, which now and then did not reach their destination until Welsh was on both knees; but they were on the road before he got down, and, therefore, could not be avoided. Welsh tried his utmost to bring his opponent to his own weight, but he was too strong for him; and although he administered some severe punishment on both eyes, the nose, and ear, still Regan, who fought most manfully and game as a lion, was too much for him. For upwards of an hour and a half, Welsh continued the same game, and was several times cautioned, until the 166th round, at the finish of which, he so unmistakably threw himself down to avoid a blow, that the referee, on being appealed to, at once gave his decision against him, after they had been in the ring 2 hours 27 minutes. Regan left off as strong as he began, and, before putting on his clothes, went round with his cap and made a collection for his beaten antagonist, and, in the most manly way, shook hands with him, and promised to do all in his power to get him a benefit. Welsh's backers were perfectly satisfied with the manner in which he fought after hurting his shoulder, and the strenuous efforts he made to turn the tide of victory in his favor, and they promised not to desert him, but to get him a match with some one nearer his own weight.

SPIRITED MILL BETWEEN BOWEY TAYLOR AND YOUNG MILLS.

On Monday, Feb. 23, these men brought their impromptu match to a satisfactory conclusion by the canal side, near Smethwick. Bowey, in his time, has fought eighteen battles, and only four times suffered defeat. Of Mills, we have to state that this was his *debut* in the roped arena. He is a sturdy, stiff-built young fellow, of some twenty-two summers, and, to all appearance, as hard as a flint, and for the present encounter was backed from Mat Bowen's, Soho-Pool; Bowey meeting with supporters

from Mr. Holliday's. Despatch being the order of the day, by eight o'clock a start was made to the scene of action, arrived at which, the toilets of the men were hastily prepared, when Bowey—who had for his *aides de-camp* Harry Allen and, in the absence of the veteran Posh, a wily Fox—shied in his cap of defiance, and was promptly followed by his youthful opponent, who was ably supported by Tom Allen and Fred Fisher, and at a quarter before nine the men shook hands for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On standing up, both men appeared in fair fighting condition, and very little disparity was observable, Mills having a shade the advantage in height. Bowey wore his usual good-tempered smile, and, after a moment's sparring, led off on the mouth, a warmish tap, Mills getting slightly on the ribs. Bowey countered on the same spot, when Mills went down.

2. Mills got home on the left eye, which flushed immediately, and got his change on the mouth with some severity. Bowey followed up by a stinger on the ribs, when the young-'un again went to grass.

3. A slogging round, Mills getting well on the left eye again, Bowey on the mouth, when some very hot fibbing followed; Mills again down.

4. Bowey, who fought with great determination, led off with a stinger on the forehead, at which his left hand puffed greatly; he still followed his man all over the ring, and got on some heavy body blows, Mills returning on the ribs likewise, rather warmly, and again seeking the bosom of mother earth.

5. Hard fighting, both getting well over the dial; both down at the finish.

6. Both slow to time, Bowey still retaining the lead, and forcing the fighting by investing a sweetener on the jaw, and again on the throat; Mills, on the retreating system, after a slight prop on the ribs, again to earth.

7 to 9. Much in favor of the old-'un, who followed his man, and got on cleverly, getting countered on the mouth and chest; Mills, in each case, down at the finish.

10. Mills got again on the left optic, from which the blood trickled freely, when they got to hot slogging work, and in the finish, Mills again down.

11. Hot exchanges still in favor of Bowey; Mills again to earth.

12. Bowey continued to invest heavily, and eventually fought his man down.

13 to 15. Heavy exchanges, in favor of Bowey; Mills again on the going down system.

16. Bowey again fought his man down.

17 to 19. 5 to 4 laid freely on Bowey, who invested heavily, but with the most perfect good temper imaginable, Mills getting well on the ribs, and again to earth.

20. Mills led off finely on the ribs, Bowey returning by flooring his man cleverly by a spanker on the forehead. (First knock-down.)

21 to 26. Bowey followed his man all over the ring, Mills landing occasional rib-roasters very effectively, and again to grass.

27. Bowey got severely on the ribs, again knocking his man down.

28 and 29. Hot work, Mills again coming to grief.

30. Quick and sharp; both down at the finish.

31. Up to this time, with the exception of a slight "mouse" over Bowey's left peeper, and considerable flushing over Mills's temples, little punishment was visible. Mills again visited the organ of vision, which now flushed considerably, and began to look small. Bowey returned on the throat. Mills again to grass.

32. Mills fought very strong, and for the first time knocked Bowey off his pins by a stinger on the jaw.

33 to 36 and last. The last round was a decisive one, the blow administered to Bowey, added to the punishment he had received on the ribs, telling its own tale. After struggling bravely to the thirty-sixth round, he gradually became weaker, when his seconds threw up the sponge, and, contrary to the anticipated result, Mills proved the winner in a thoroughly game contest on the part of the old-'un, occupying 50 min., thus proving the truth of the old adage, "Youth will be served."

REMARKS.

There can be little doubt, had Bowey possessed the punishing qualities of his left mawley, his indomitable pluck and bottom would have carried him through, as Mills is certainly somewhat deficient in that great requisite—pluck; and, but for the able assistance rendered him by his seconds, would have given in on two occasions.

FIGHT
BETWEEN
RUFF AND MACDONALD, OF NOTTINGHAM,
FOR £20.

For some time past, the above affair has been the theme of conversation among the sporting fraternity in the Nottingham district, where, for the past week, curiosity has been aroused as to the proceedings of the men. Although the match must be said to have arisen out of Bartley Macdonald's "passage at arms" with the "Manchester Young'un" (whom he defeated easily,) the Nottingham "fancy" appeared to consider Ruff would meet with a similar fate, and odds were accordingly offered on Macdonald, and taken by the friends of Ruff. Ruff has had more experience in the "magic circle;" still, his performances were overlooked, in a great measure, by those who considered the before-named achievement of Macdonald's sufficient to satisfy them as to his merits. It was not until late on the evening previous that the "office" was given at head-quarters for an early move on Monday morning, Feb. 23. A trip by road was chosen, and the cavalcade, before the break of day, went on its way towards Mansfield. A halt was called at the White Post, about a mile from Farmsfield. As soon as there was sufficient light, the ring was pitched, and the referee appointed. Ruff sported a blue and bird's eye pattern (*a la* Bendigo,) while Macdonald's decorations were composed of blue and white diamond spots.

Round 1. On the men facing each other, no time was lost in sparring, as Macdonald led off with his left, which was neatly stopped. He was, however, not to be denied, and trying the same hand again, got well on the nose. This rather "riled" Ruff, who rushed at him, and fought him completely down in his corner.

2. Macdonald got his left on his opponent's nose; Ruff bored in, but caught it smartly on the head, which he retaliated by some heavy counters on the body. At the close, Macdonald was fought down.

3. Macdonald tried the left at his antagonist's head, but was again stopped, when Ruff closed, and let go heavily on Macdonald's body, Ruff getting a "hot-'un" on the head, which disabled Macdonald's left hand. Some half-armed fighting ensued until they closed, and in the scuffle Macdonald got down.

4. Both were up as "game" as possible. Macdonald delivered on the left eye, Ruff a "stinger" on the mouth and nose; very close and heavy fibbing, until Macdonald was fought down. Blood was seen on Macdonald, and this being claimed, was allowed. (First blood for Ruff.)

5. On Macdonald letting go with both hands, Ruff sent a right-hander on to Macdonald's body, which sent him through the ropes. (First knock-down blow for Ruff.)

6 to 75. In most of the intermediate rounds, Macdonald seemed much "put to it" on account of his damaged left fin, and Ruff had to force the fighting, which he did in the most determined manner. Round after round, Macdonald received Ruff's deliveries on the body, and as his dilemma increased, when three-quarters of an hour had passed, offers of 2 to 1 on Ruff met no response. Macdonald was getting weaker, and received the lion's share of punishment, Ruff continually boring and countering very heavily on the head and body. On placing themselves at the mark for round 74, Macdonald showed signs of Ruff's handiwork both on the face and body. It was apparent to all that Ruff had but to administer the *coup de grace*. Ruff, after delivering heavily on the side of the head, closed with Macdonald, and threw him through the ropes.

75 and last. Macdonald answered the call of time, but the wildness of his manner clearly proved his case hopeless, and on Ruff again planting a spanking blow, Macdonald's seconds thought it useless for him to receive unnecessary punishment, and threw up the sponge in token of defeat, after fighting 1 hour and 15 min. The loser was much cut up with his defeat, and it was some time before he came round, while Ruff had scarcely any punishment to show.

RESOLUTE FIGHT BETWEEN "SULPHUR," OF DUDLEY, AND JEM GREEN, OF BILSTON, AT CATCH-WEIGHT.—On Wednesday, Feb. 25, these men met to test their prowess at Bassett Pole. The match was entirely an off-hand one, and originated in Green backing himself at £5 to £4 to fight "Sulphur." Green, the senior combatant, is twenty-five years of age, standing 5ft. 7½ in., and weighing some eleven stone. He is a novice, this being his first public battle. Sulphur, who has figured successfully in two battles, is a sturdy young fellow of twenty-two, 5ft. 6in. in height, and weighing close on ten stone. At ten o'clock they faced each other. After a few moments' sparring, Sulphur got his left well on the nose, and was well countered on the mouth; they then got to close and hot work; both down at the finish. The second round was of a similar character, but slightly in favor of Green. In the sixth round, Sulphur planted a left-hander on the nose, drawing blood freely. Green very speedily returned the compliment by a slashing hit on the right eye; some slogging work then ensued, round after round being fought most gamely. Sulphur obtained a decided advantage by knocking his man down by a slashing hit on the nose, which Green's friends (who were very numerous, and bent on their man winning, or at least not losing) seeing, broke in between the men. Sulphur, however, stuck gamely to his work. Still, had it not been for the determined stand made by Sulphur's seconds, he would not have been allowed to win, which he did well, after fighting eighty rounds, occupying 2 hours 5 min. Green went down in almost every round, and it required all Sulphur's caution to avoid a foul.

BOYLE AND TURNER.—These men met in the Hull district, on Tuesday, Feb. 17, to fight for £10 a side. Turner, who was in fine condition, weighed 10st 6lb, while Boyle, who was anything but fit, weighed 12st, or thereabouts. It seems to have been a disgraceful affair. Only three rounds were fought, in favor of Turner; but in the last he seems to have struck Boyle while in act of falling, the blow not reaching its destination till he was on the ground. Boyle's friends claimed a foul, and broke in the ring, ill-treated the referee, assaulted Turner and his seconds, and created a great disturbance. They also removed Boyle from the ring. The referee, Charles Stannard, has written to say that, when first appealed to, he said "fight on," but that subsequently he was intimidated into giving another decision, on the faith of which, Boyle was taken from the ring. He still adheres, however, to the original decision, and considers that as Boyle was removed from the ring contrary to that decision, Turner is entitled to the stakes. The first was the only legitimate decision, and as the subsequent proceedings were the doings of Boyle's own friends, he must take the consequences.

PEDESTRIANISM.

EXTRAORDINARY FAST TIME.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN RUNS ELEVEN AND A HALF MILES IN 59 MINUTES 44 SECONDS.

On Monday, Feb. 23, there was, as usual, a very large muster at Brompton, to witness the sensation match of Deerfoot, which had been long announced to take place. The match was for Deerfoot to run *eleven miles and a half in one hour*, Captain B. having laid George Martin £50 that the Indian could not accomplish the feat. The past performances of Deerfoot are as familiar as "household words," and, notwithstanding all past doubts respecting the pedestrian powers of the Indian, there was the usual numerous sprinkling of the "upper ten thousand" present, who, almost to a man, held a watch. The pedestrian element was also well represented, and the "clever" division were also on the *qui vive*. The great performance of Deerfoot, at the same grounds, on October 27, 1862, when he completed eleven miles and 740 yards in the hour's race, combined with his defeat of Teddy Mills (Young England) in their extraordinaay match of one hour for £50 a side, on January 12, when Deerfoot ran 77½ laps, or eleven miles and 790 yards, in the time allotted, stamped him a most extraordinary man, and caused more interest and excitement as to the result than has been exhibited in any match against time for many years. It was announced that the start would take place at half-past four o'clock, and shortly before that time, Deerfoot and Martin appeared on the ground, and after walking a couple of times round the ground, entered a tent erected in the centre of the ground, and proceeded to strip. A couple of boards were placed in positions where all could see the laps marked down as they were run off. The conditions of the match allowed Deerfoot to have as many attendants as he chose, and four were picked out to run alternate miles with the redskin, viz.:—White, of Gateshead; Brighton, of Norwich; W. Richards, the Welshman; and W. Jones, of Islington. The betting was 5 to 4 on time. The official time-keeper was Mr. E. Smith, and although there were at least a dozen proficients at time-keeping on the ground, only two seconds variation was found in the time at the conclusion of the match! As near as possible at the appointed time, Deerfoot was summoned from his wigwam by George Martin, and took up his station on the mark, having Jones, of Islington, as his first *attache*. The Indian appeared to be in very good condition, and, although he was not thoroughly "fit," yet he showed that for this "journey," he had taken more than the usual pains in his preparation. The signal for the start was to be given by George Martin, and at his stentorian "off," off went the Indian and the watches! Deerfoot dashed off as if for a sprint race, and apparently astonished Jones, who had to make haste to catch the redskin, who accomplished the first lap (440 yards) in exactly one minute. The same fine speed was exhibited during the second lap, at the conclusion of which (half a mile) the time was 2min 12sec. The third quarter was run in exactly 3min 27sec. The mile was accomplished in 4min 43sec; after which Richards, the Welshman, (one of William Price's stud) took the place of Jones as "coach" to Deerfoot, who kept up the same fine pace as previously, passing the post as follows:—One mile and a quarter in 5min 59sec, one mile and a half in 7min 16sec, one mile and three-quarters in 8 min. 33 sec., and having settled down into a good regular style of action, the two miles occupied only 9 min. 52 sec, John Brighton, of Norwich, was Deerfoot's next *compagnon de voyage*, and led Deerfoot by about half a yard to encourage him in his arduous undertaking, and the two miles and a quarter were raced over in 11 min. 9 sec. No longer time than 12 min. 27 sec. was required for two miles and a half, two miles and three quarters in 13 min. 45 sec., and the three miles in exactly 15 min. 3 sec. Brighton left off his attendance, and was succeeded by Jones, who made his second journey with the Indian, and the pair merrily danced along. Three miles and a quarter were covered in 16 min. 19 sec., and with scarcely any diminution in pace, three miles and a half in 17 min. 37 sec. Deerfoot ran rather wide at this and some other periods of the race, but nevertheless got home at three miles and three quarters in 18 min. 54 sec., and the four miles in 20 min. 13 sec. Richards, the Welschman, again took the mentorship, and was, as before, "kept going" by the opponent of time, who, without appearing to flag in the least, ran four miles and a quarter in 21 min. 30 sec., four miles and a half in 22 min. 38 sec., four miles and three quarters in 24 min. 6 sec., and five miles in 25 min. 24 sec. Jack Brighton took the place of Richards, and commenced his second trip with the "child of the West," leading him by about a yard, as before. Five miles and a quarter were covered in 26 min. 43 sec., five miles and a half in 28 min. 2 sec. During the next circuit of the ground, which was required to be traversed before the half distance was completed, Deerfoot sprinted several times, and accomplished *five miles and three quarters in 29 min. 19 sec.*, being then forty-one seconds in advance of time in half the journey! The next quarter of a mile was then run in 1 min. 14 sec., making up the aggregate time for the six miles to 30 min. 33 sec. John White, of Gateshead, was his next pioneer, and was kept "dancing away" by the aboriginal, who "sloped" away with undiminished speed, and got over six miles and a quarter in 31 min. 55 sec., six miles and a half in 33 min. 16 sec., six miles and three quarters in 34 min. 35 sec., and seven miles in 35 min. 56 sec. There was no slackening of speed during the lap for seven miles and a quarter, accomplished in 37 min. 15 sec. Jones succeeded White in office, but there was no diminution in pace, seven miles and a half being got over in 38 min. 35 sec., seven miles and three quarters in 39 min. 56 sec., and eight miles were well run in 41 min. 14 sec. Richards now joined Jones as assistants to "the Wonder," who ran eight miles and a quarter in 42 min 35 sec., eight miles and a half in 44 min. 45 sec., eight miles and three quarters in 45 min. 16 sec., nine miles in 46 min. 37 sec., nine miles and a quarter in 47 min. 54 sec., nine miles and a half in 49 min. 16 sec., nine miles and three quarters in 50 min. 36 sec, and *ten miles* in 51 min. 57 sec. The betting was now 5 to 1 on Deerfoot, and the race was almost a certainty, when the great staying qualities of the Indian were considered, and he was loudly cheered on each successive occasion of his passing the crowd. The whole army of aides de camp now joined in with Deerfoot, and the sight was of a most animated description. Ten miles and a quarter were run in 53 min. 15 sec., ten miles and a half in 54 min. 35 sec., ten miles and three quarters in 55 min. 53 sec., and eleven miles in 57 min. 11 sec., were rapidly told off; and when Martin shouted "Only two more laps, Loo," the shouts were deafening. The universal excitement and the pace were perfectly bewildering when "eleven miles and a quarter" was shown on the board at 58 min. 30 sec., leaving 1 min. 30 sec. for the completion of the final lap. The hubbub reached its height when he spurted the greater portion of the remaining distance, and landed home a gallant winner in 59 min. 44 sec., winning his extraordinary undertaking of running *"eleven miles and a half* in one hour" by *sixteen seconds!* Deerfoot retired into his tent to dress, but shortly reappeared, apparently none the worse for his exertions, and gave his now well-known "whoop" of victory.

In addition to the above report of this extraordinary pedestrian feat, we cull the following incidents, etc., from *Bell's Life*:—"Among those present, including a vast number of the *elite* of the Fancy, were the two celebrated men, Tom Sayers and Heenan." In speaking of Deerfoot's performances, it says:—"At about half-past four, the preliminaries having been most satisfactorily adjusted, orders were forwarded by the referee to the pedestrian to come to the scratch, and in a few seconds Deerfoot appeared on the ground in racing gear, and it was very evident by competent judges he had undergone a severe preparation, which such an arduous undertaking would require; and, although he is a most difficult chap to train, being rather too fond of London life, and, for a man during his short visit in this country, he has seen the "gas off," perhaps, as often as most men, but still upon this occasion he looked well, and a full stone lighter than he ever appeared in any of his previous matches. There was but very little speculation, although 6 to 4 was freely offered upon the Indian, who, at the signal given, bounded away at a rattling pace, in company of Jones, of Islington, who ran by Deerfoot's side for a short distance, when the Indian dashed away at a killing pace, and accomplished the first quarter of a mile in 60sec, and the half mile in 2min 12sec, and continued on at a great pace, which caused poor Jones to retire before one mile was completed. His backer, Mr. G. Martin, however, regulated the time, from which it will be seen he almost maintained throughout, the great pace he had commenced at, and ran in a gallant, and *evidently an easy winner by 16sec, without in the least being distressed*, and in a very few minutes appeared dressed among his friends, and he was received with great applause, deservedly due to him, for he ran most determinedly, and only once took a suck at a sponge filled with water. The following is the correct time each mile was run in:—

Miles.	min.	sec.	Miles.	min.	sec.
1	4	43	7	35	36
2	9	52	8	41	14
3	15	3	9	46	37
4	20	13	10	51	57
5	25	24	11	57	11
6	30	33	11½	59	44

Thus it will be seen by the above time he won by 16 seconds easily; in fact, had it been required, he could have done it in much less time. Deerfoot is 37 years of age, weighs 11st 12lb, and stands about 5 feet 9 inches in height. He has run a great many matches in England, but the following are the principal events in which he was seen to great advantage:—On Oct. 27, he ran 11m 740yds in the hour, beating several good runners, at Brompton; Jan 12, 1863, beat E. Mills in one hour's match, covering 11m 790yds, at Hackney Wick. He has beaten a number of men at all distances, and from his keen-looking black eyes and his general appearance, he looks like a man with some great pretensions. He is a fine marksman with a bow, and can cut down hsres or rabbits going at a great pace, but he requires bows made in his own country to do it; we have seen him contend with the London made ones, and a man would stand a poor chance of being struck in the head at 150 yards. *And, considering his age, 37 years, he certainly has proved himself a great wonder; but we think, before he leaves England for his native country, he will do a greater feat.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE THAMES CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION CHALLENGES THE WINNER, AND THEN WILL BOW HAMILL, THE AMERICAN.—The deposit made last week at Mr. Pankhurst's, Barnes, has been duly forwarded to the stakeholder, and the fifth, of £25 a side, must be tabled on Thursday, March 5, at Mr. Laidlaw's, Old Bailey. Richard Green, the Australian Champion, has left £25 with the stakeholder to row the winner of the forthcoming match for the Championship of the Thames, and as he has heard that Chambers wishes to row in a fortnight afterwards, should he prove victorious, Green is quite willing to make the match on those terms. Should Everson win, there is no doubt that he will consent to any thing reasonable. Green will make a match to row Hamill on the Thames, if he wins with Chambers or Everson.

ONE AND A HALF MILE CHAMPIONSHIP.—A foot-race for this honor, including the usual cup and £50 a side, was run on Feb. 21, at Sheffield, between James Sanderson, alias Treacle, and Teddy Mills, alias Young England. Betting at the start was two to one on Sanderson, but afterwards veered round in favor of Mills, who pushed his opponent so hard, that the good time of 4:27 was made in the first mile. The pace, however, was too much for Mills, who was slightually out of repair, and he "caved in" nearly two hundred yards short of the goal, and Sanderson was allowed to win at his leisure, and Treacle made a sweet thing of it, and "grabbed the mopusses."

THE WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP was to be decided between Schora and Meadowcroft, at the Snipe Inn, Andenshaw, on March 7, the terms being to wrestle the best of three back falls, for £25 a side and the champion cup, which was then held by Schora. Their weights were stipulated to be 6 score 3 lbs.

THE TURF CAMPAIGN IN ENGLAND for 1863, commenced with the Lincoln Spring Meeting, on Feb. 25.

A TROT between two ponies, less than eleven hands high, for £10 a side, took place near Birmingham on Feb. 23, the distance, about 16½ miles, being done in 1 hour 20 min. A "muss" was kicked up by the *losing* man (not an unusual occurrence), the referee refused to give a decision, and the stakes were drawn. Some of *our* folks would have felt "to hum in a furrin countree" on the occasion in question.

BILLIARD TALK.—At the conclusion of a match at billiards between Dufton and Gibson, on Feb. 18, which the former won, Roberts, the would-be "Champion of the World," with his "kindness of heart," received a purse of sovereigns. The *Sporting Life* says:—"It is not too much to say he is the greatest and most finished exponent of the game that ever lived." It may not be too much to *say*, but it is far too much to *believe*.

A SET OF LUNATICS.—A set-to between Jem Mace and a correspondent of *Bell's Life* has been in progress a short time. The latter charged Mace with being a party to "public house gags," assuming "high flown titles," etc. Mace, or some one else for him, puts in a hot and spicy clove or two in a reply, which contains the following quotation:—"Sayers' fight was a draw. Nobody in their senses claimed the victory for Heenan." There was no draw about Tom King's fight with Mace, though, was there?

A ONE MILE RACE.—On February 16, E. Mills and C. Mower ran a one mile race, for £100, at the West London Cricket Ground, which Mills won easily, in 4 minutes 35 seconds. Mills was not pushed, Mower being evidently out of condition.

A BILLIARD HANDICAP, for the benefit of Roberts, "Champion of the World," so called, was played at Saville House, Leicester square, London, recently, and concluded on February 13th in favor of Dufton. Among the contestants were Bowles, Hall, Ade, Wesley, Owen, and Smith. At the conclusion, Roberts gave Dufton 200 in 500 points, and won by 23 points. All right; but do you think Roberts can give you that number "for soap" and win, Dufton?

ALL ENGLAND VS UNITED ALL ENGLAND CRIKETING ELEVENS.—These famous elevens play their first match on May 25, for the benefit of the cricketer's fund.

THE ALTCAR COURSING MEETING, on twelve thousand acres of preserved ground, was to commence on February 18. One of the prizes ("The Waterloo Cup") is valued at £1,600, obtained by subscriptions of £25 each. The winning greyhound receives £500; second, £200; next two, £50; next four, £30; next eight, £20; and next sixteen, £10 each.

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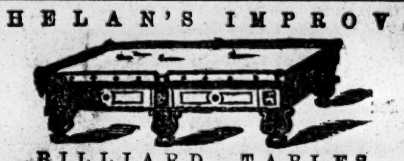

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 387.

DRAMATIC.

ship. Trusting in the insertion of my statement in the CLIPPER, I am sincerely yours, LEONARD GROVER.

Mr. Forrest appeared as Macbeth, at the New Chestnut, on the 12th, and will repeat the tragedy on the 16th and 17th. The attacks of a certain portion of the Philadelphia press upon this Iron Clad Monitor of the stage, injure the assailants more than they do the object aimed at. The great American tragedian moves on, uninjured.

They have had some very good sleighing in Boston, and as it is the only chance the people thereaway have had to indulge this season, the effect last week was a little injurious to the theatres. The opera company at the Boston Theatre have concluded to remain another week, to be succeeded, we understand, by the Martinetti and Hernandez troupe of pantomimists. After them, Max Maretzek and his opera company open for two weeks, to be followed by Laura Keene and company. Such is the programme arranged by Mr. Marshall. In the meantime, at the Howard, he has engaged sundry talent. John Owens follows Maggie Mitchell, whose engagement ends on the 21st; after Owens, F. S. Chanfrau; Billy Florence and wife bring up the rear, and wind up Mr. Marshall's management of the Howard.

Mr. C. W. Tayleure, of Baltimore, is engaged in dramatising "Aurora Floyd" for Miss Lucille Western. Mr. Tayleure is the dramatist of the successful version of "East Lynne," now being performed by Miss Western.

Mr. W. Naylor, prompter at the New Memphis Theatre, was to have made his first appearance in fifteen years, on the 6th inst., on the occasion of his benefit. He was to appear as Old Quake, in "The Murderers of the Heath."

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have left the Holliday, Baltimore. On the 13th inst., Mr. Williams announced it as his last night, "owing to the illness of Mrs. W." They were to have left the next day for New-York. What's the trouble? J. Wilkes Booth succeeds them at the Holliday this week, beginning with "Richard III." on the 16th inst.

Mrs. Barrow appears this week at the Boston Museum, in E. A. Sothern's adaptation of the "Romance of a Poor Young Man." The piece is to be brought out with new scenery, costumes, etc., etc. The cast is as follows:—Mrs. Barrow as Marguerite Laroque; Miss Josephine Orton as M'lle Helouin; Mrs. Sylvester as Madame Aubre; Miss M. Andrews as Louise Vauberger; Miss Kate Baker as Christine; Mr. E. F. Keach as Maxime; Mr. J. A. Smith as M. de Bevannes; F. Hardenburgh as Gaspar Laroque; Mr. R. F. McClannin as Mons. L'Aubepin; Mr. W. Benn as Gaston de Loussac; Mr. Sol Smith, Jr., as Dr. Desmarets; Mr. G. F. Ketchum as Alain; Mr. J. H. Ring as Yvonnet; Mr. Hunter as Mons. Vouberger; Mr Pitman as Louis.

Conway and wife opened at Columbus, Ohio, on the 9th inst., with Ingomar; 10th, London Assurance; 11th, Peep o' Day, which it was thought would run until after St. Patrick's day, the engagement closing on the 21st, when they will be succeeded by the Couldocks, who recently played an engagement there with excellent success.

Springfield, Mass., has been overrun with amusements recently. Manager Myers played Emily Thorne there to moderate business. Then John Owens followed, with but little better success, for two nights; next, Hernandez and his "Ravel" troupe, who did a far better business than either of the others. On the 9th, H. C. Jarrett opened at Music Hall with Miss Matilda Heron as Camille, to a large and "satisfied" audience, and that is saying a good deal. On the 14th, there was a crowded audience to witness the performance of Richard III., with E. L. Davenport and J. W. Wallack, Jr., in the principal parts. The house was splendid.

R. E. J. Miles is in Pittsburgh, and will probably appear at the theatre there next week.

We are glad to hear that the condition of Charles J. Boniface, in Boston, is improving. Reason is gradually returning, his memory is already partially restored, and the physicians now have some hopes of his recovery.

J. Wilkes Booth has concluded his performances at the Arch Street, Philadelphia. His engagement did not prove a great success, but he is quite young, and can afford to bide his time. There is no star shining at the Arch this week. Barton Hill has a benefit on the 16th, when he announces to appear as Lord Dundreary, in Our American Cousin. On the 17th, a dramatization entitled "Aurora Floyd," will be presented for the first time. We believe it has been adapted for the stage by Mad. de Marguerittes. The week will be filled up with odds and ends, and Miss Mary Provost will probably commence an engagement there on the 23d.

The Pearl of Savoy, played by Miss Maggie Mitchell, at the Howard, Boston, last week, was well received; and renewed, to a certain extent, the enthusiasm and praise lavished upon her for her natural and childlike acting in Fanchon. This week she will appear as "The Little Barefoot," and finish up on the 21st.

Adah Isaacs Menken's business at the Front Street, Baltimore, fell off last week, somewhat. We understand that she next goes to Norfolk, Va., to join Mr. Glenn's company for one week, and then, we hear, she starts for Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati.

Miss Charlotte Crampton has been playing in Mazeppa and Richard III., at the National, Boston.

Mr. Marston's company will perform in Lawrence, Mass., this week. They gave a few nights in Lynn last week.

Mlle. Clotilde Javon, a premier danseuse, Mlle. Clementine Mancel, a first class artiste on the tight rope, Mons. Auguste Desjardins, premier danseur, Mons. Hypolite Plantade, comic pantomimist, and Mons. Maxime Fleury, a gymnast, ventriloquist, ostator, etc., have been engaged in Paris by Mr. Anson, the dramatic agent for Mrs. English, and are now on their way here. She will first play them in New York, and afterwards in the other principal cities, having contracted with the artists for a stated period.

Miss Marion Pierce was the recipient of a benefit at the Variety Theatre, Syracuse, on the 12th, and had a bumper. An evening or two previously, the Schultze Sisters had a benefit, and Lizzie, for her lady like deportment, and qualities as a danseuse and actress, was presented with a gold watch and chain. The presentation was made by a Mr. Johnson in most flattering terms, to which she made the following poetic response:—

GENTLEMEN:

If simple thanks would all my feelings tell,
In being treated by you so well,
I'd thank you with all fervor on my part—
Fervor which has its seat deep in my heart.
But thanks cannot express that heart's delight—
How truly glad, how proud I feel to-night.
Four weeks among you has taught me this:—
To play in Syracuse is almost bliss.
You are all so kind to sister and to me,
That always here we fain would wish to be.
This pretty, costly present, let me say,
Will serve me in a double kind of way;
For while these hands will indicate Time's flight,
This face will bring to mind my joy to-night,
And tell me that although the hours are gone,
My friends in Syracuse are moving on.
Thanks, Gentlemen, your gift I'll hold in store:
Though *gold*, I will not prize it for the ore,
But for your *friendship*. May you happy be,
So long as this good watch tells time to me,
And fifty years beyond,—that's honest, true.
Friends, my thanks to all: Sir, my special thanks to you.

The theatre is now closed for a short time, for repairs, &c.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Simmons' Minstrels still continue on their wanderings through the State of Ohio. On the 5th, 6th, and 7th inst. they were at Canton, where, we are informed, the business, the entire three nights, was splendid. At Massillon on the 9th, Wooster 10th, Mansfield 11th, and Mount Vernon 12th and 13th. At each of these cities the company met with the most flattering reception, the houses being excellent. On the 14th and 16th the company were to perform at Newark. Having succeeded in getting the company advertised two weeks ahead, Col. Brown proceeded to Cincinnati on the 12th to look around and see what the prospects were for an "opening." Since the company started out from this city, many changes have taken place; several men have been disposed of, and their places filled by other artists. One of the principal features of the show is Mr. Frank Wells, burlesque dancer and personator of Ye Flora McFlimseys, who is said to be one of the best in his business. He "takes" immensely with the company, being encored, three or four times each night. During Madame LaGrange's season at the Academy in this city, Mr. Wells was doing small parts; he was also engaged by the Ravel troupe during their trip to Boston. Mr. Lew Simmons, who stands among the best as a banjoist, is another great feature of the company, while as end man and as Brudder Bones, he never fails to keep the audience in a continual roar of laughter. Mr. C. Smith's solos on the Boehm flute, the cornet solo of Wm. Blythe, the jig dancing of Sam Cole, and the admirable quartette of Messrs. Serrage, R. Rist, J. B. Taylor, and Geo. Germain, constitute a very attractive programme.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels were in Quebec last week, surrounded by mountains of snow and ice, with fearful and bitter cold, which made it rather hard for the boys, but as the solid coin of that country has a great charm about it, especially in these days of postal currency, why, they were enabled to worry it through. Silver is plenty all through that section of Canada, and our minstrel friends were pulling it in very lively. They opened in Quebec on the 9th inst., for one week, and the receipts of the first two nights amounted to a trifle over $800, in clean cash, American and British coin. The boys are salting down their salaries, with the intention of realizing a heavy per centage when they return to the States. The sum taken in for two nights is certainly very encouraging, while the prospects for the balance of the week were great. It was thought their business through the week would prove to be the best they have done since their organization. Campbell's place on the end had not been filled by a new man, although Green was doing the work for the time being. They have had a number of applications but none of them were from the right quarter. Com. Foote and Col. Small are great cards with the troupe, and they have taken well in the Canadas. We are not informed where the band will next strike for, but it is probable they will make a big jump.

This week, one Horn steps out of Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, in Boston, and another enters in; or, in other words, the successful piece entitled the "Magic Horn" gives way to Eph Horn, who begins an engagement this evening, 16th inst. The success attending the operations and business of this great Boston company only goes to show that when the public are well catered for in the way of amusements, they are always liberal in responding with the spons. On Saturday afternoons, they give matinees, which are well attended by misses, masters, and the larger "heads of families." Who can guess this conundrum, which we have just had copyrighted, and any infringement on which will be dealt with as the enormity of the offence deserves. "Why are the attendants at Morris Brothers' Opera House like healthy drinkers?" Of course you don't know—according to our copy-right—and you give it up. "Because they have just finished one Horn, and are ready for another."

Rumsey's Minstrels continue in the Eastern States. They will probably make for Portland, Maine, this week.

We cannot say that we admire the means taken among minstrel companies to entice men away from bands to which they are bound by contract for a stipulated time. It is ruinous to managers and men, and injurious to the general prosperity of the profession. If managers practice this game, they cannot expect to escape themselves. We hold that when a performer attaches his name to a contract, honor, at least, should induce him to fulfil the conditions of the agreement. This should be the rule among all men who value a good reputation. And yet agreements are violated almost every day by men professing to be imbued with the strictest principles of honor. Here's a man, for instance, who signs a contract to perform for a certain manager one year, at a named salary. Another manager offers this performer a few dollars a week higher salary, and though he may have just entered upon the fulfilment of his first contract, he sells his character for the few extra dollars, sneaks out of his compact, and joins hands with the "high salary men," only to play them a similar scurvy trick when a still higher competitor for his services steps in. Men so easily bought can never be depended on by any manager. Minstrel managers cannot pay very high salaries, and live. This has often been proved. Lloyd, a year or two ago, got together a talented party by promising big salaries. For a little while the concern went along well enough, but the business was not sufficient, even with good houses, to pay the high salary list, and the manager was forced eventually to knock under. So with others we could name. It is better to take up with a fair salary, sure and certain, with steady employment, than accept promises of high terms, and be out of engagement half the time. Let the profession attend to this matter, and "live and let live."

Our minstrel friends are doing good service in behalf of our once glorious Union, and that sterling patriot, Little Mac. In New York, and the principal cities hereaway, the slightest allusion to McClellan and the Union is hailed with rapturous applause. Our traveling bands are also defending our favorite little commander, and for doing so, some of them are catching it from the abolitionists. This has been the case within the last week or two in Pennsylvania and Ohio. In Williamsport, Sanford's company were threatened—see notice in this department—and in Cleveland, Ohio, Sam Sharpley was savagely attacked in the *Leader*, of that city. The radicals are getting very sore—they see the hand-writing on the wall which is to annihilate them and their schemes of disunion. In Erie, Pa., the radicals went so far as to try to get the Provost Marshal, Sheriff, and Mayor to interfere with Sharpley's performances, and had not Sam secured his licenses ahead, he would have been prevented from playing. As it was, he beat them. It isn't what our minstrel friends *say* on the stage, that rumples the feathers of the radicals; but it is the manner in which the audiences receive and applaud it. That's what's the matter. The Provost Marshal out in one of the towns in Pennsylvania said that the minstrels were sent from New York to *manufacture public sentiment for McClellan*. All bosh! Public sentiment in regard to "Little Mac" manufactures itself, and we are only in the beginning of the campaign. "Little Mac" is the coming man. Probably the "rads" would like to incarcerate our minstrel boys in Fort Lafayette, but it is not their *forte*, you know; besides, that game is played out.

Rainor's Minstrels, under the management of Fred. Hunt, are now organised, and will give their opening performance in Cincinnati, at Smith & Ditson's Hall, on the 23d inst. Fred. ought to be able to "work up" his own company, as he has assisted to "work up" the claims of others so successfully.

Morris' Minstrels are to make a week's stay in Cincinnati, beginning at the Melodeon Hall on the 16th inst.

Sam Sharpley's Iron-clad Minstrel company opened at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, on Wednesday evening last, and played four nights to good business. Sam thoroughly understands his work. He had his advance agent in Pittsburgh full a week before the company arrived there, and the town was as thoroughly billed as it has been for many years. The dailies contained long advertisements for four or five days prior to their opening night, and the result was, that when the "Iron-clads" opened their doors, the excitement among the populace was great, and the rush for tickets correspondingly large. Sam could have profitably remained a fortnight, but he only engaged the hall for four nights, and Sam Sanford had previously made arrangements to have his troupe in the same hall on Monday; consequently, Sharpley retires and goes to Wheeling, and Sanford commences a three weeks' term on the 16th inst.

Geo. H. Bentley, formerly connected with Morningstar's Excelsior Campbells, as advertising and business agent, has retired from the business, and is now keeping a saloon in Memphis, Tennessee.

Some folks can't stand McClellan. While Sanford's Minstrels were performing in Williamsport, Pa., some laudatory allusions were made to Gen. McClellan. It fetched the house, although there were a few radicals present who "couldn't see it," and the next day Mr. Sanford received this note:—"MESSRS SANFORD & Co. In a spirit of kindness, we inform you that if there is any more laudatory remarks passed concerning Gen. McClellan *this evening*, we assure you the disturbance of last evening will be increased greatly, and the person making the remarks will be dealt with according to mob law, either during the performance or afterwards." The boys were not to be cowed down by a lot of "radicals," and the full programme, with the McClellan accompaniment included, was carried out. There was great excitement, the opposition being very docile, and "nobody was hurt." The business in Williamsport was excellent. Last week the party were at Bellefont, 9th and 10th; 11th, Tyrone; 12th, Altoona; 13th, Johnstown, etc. This evening, 16th, they open in Pittsburgh, with Pocahontas and Somnambula.

Harrington & Thompson's Minstrels were to open in Memphis, Tenn., on the 9th inst. Nelson Kneas is with them; also, Ned Palmer, the violinist; and Joe Childs, the clog dancer.

Sam Sharpley's Minstrels—"ye Iron-clads"—did a fair business in Lockport and Erie, but it was not what the Monitors are accustomed to, although others might consider it huge, if not "huger." They afterwards opened at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 6th inst.; and although the place is a theatre, nearly three hundred persons were obliged to leave, there not being room for them. Another gunboat joined the fleet on the 7th inst., viz., Add Weaver, who is now in the weaving way with the Sharpley Monitors. One of the Cleveland papers says—"Such a combination of talent in cork opera has not visited the city for a long time." Our correspondent, "Roscius," in referring to Sharpley's company, says:—"It is hugely refreshing and highly gratifying to attend the performances of a first-class band of minstrels, after being bored and humbugged for a 'long length of periods' by perambulating catch-penny concerns in that line, as we have been, in this 'neck of woods,' for the past two years. On the 6th, our citizens were Sharpley assailed by the celebrated Iron-clads, Sam Sharpley's Minstrels, under the pilotage of J. D. Newcomb, who bombarded our Academy of Music for four nights with their huge Columbiads of fun, song, and dancing, interspersed with broadsides of small talk and eccentricities; but our citizens seemed to like it, for they crammed that popular place of amusement from 'cellar to garret,' every night. It was the universal acknowledgment of all who heard them, that 'Sharpley's Minstrels' are the best band that has visited us for the past five years, without an exception. I perfectly agree with that sentiment. They go from here to Pittsburgh, thence to Wheeling, Zanesville, Columbus, and Cincinnati, and I can assure your readers in those cities, that they will miss a great treat if they fail to see and hear them."

C. E. Francis, the wench dancer, burlesque prima donna, etc., seeks an engagement. See his advertisement.

Arlington & Donniker's Minstrels, at their neat little opera house, in Chicago, are playing nightly to splendid houses. They are very popular, and the reception they have met with at the hands of the Chicago public must be very flattering to the managers indeed. They have played to crowded houses since their opening night. The "Fat-ancle Ballet Troupe" proved quite an attractive feature there last week; and with the comicalities of Arlington, Jones, and Price—the singing of Kelly, the dancing of Leon, and the violin solos of Donniker—makes a splendid bill. Surely, Chicago is at last satisfied with her minstrel troupe.

Hooley's Minstrels present several fresh attractions this week; among them is E. Bowers' new sketch, entitled the Carte de Visite Mania; also, the Four T Thieves, etc. This Brooklyn institution keeps up with the requirements of the times, and gives an entertainment that never fails to draw large audiences.

MUSIC HALLS.

Business at the Varieties, Washington, D. C., is excellent. The Hollande brothers were among the attractions last week, and a good company generally were on the programme. Among the talent engaged are the following:—Misses Ada Tesman, Eliza Florence, Edith Whiting, Ida Devere, E. Lester, Emma Whiting, Virginia Harris, P. Charles, M'lle. Lizette, etc.; Messrs. Jas. Pilgrim, Fred May, Charley Neal, Frank Kerns, W. S. Budworth, J. Purcell, etc. This week Marietta Ravel, Miss Helena Smith, Ella Zoyara Forrest, Hugh Clark, and Jimmy Clark, join the company, making altogether a capital collection.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, is having prosperous times, and deservedly, too. A correspondent who has been looking at the shows in Pittsburgh, says he found it difficult to get a comfortable seat at the Varieties, owing to the crowd. He further remarks:—"The good judgment of the manager, W. C. Smythe, has brought about this flourishing condition of things. The beautiful star sisters, Augusta and Marie, who are exquisite dancers, have proved themselves general favorites with the Pittsburgh people. They are hard to beat. Misses Ida and Rosa Duval, the charming vocalists, are immense. They receive *encore* after *encore* nightly, especially in their duet parts, which is pretty good evidence they have many warm friends in Pittsburgh. Miss Ida, I think, will rank with our best vocalists. Then there is the bewitchingly beautiful little M'lle. Brignolia, who is creating a great sensation here. She is certainly a beautiful danseuse, and when she sings those Union songs of hers, accompanying herself on the violin, the hall fairly shakes with applause. She is *encored* nightly. She is certainly a great favorite in Pittsburgh. In fact, I question whether there ever has been a performer here more universally admired, either as an artist or a lady.

Things at the Canterbury, Washington, D. C., are very brisk. Miss Ernestine De Faiber, the popular young vocalist and danseuse, commenced on the 9th, and met a hearty reception. She is fast becoming a favorite. The ballet of the "Fisherman's Vision," as arranged by Mons. Szollosy, is a very pretty affair—the whole court of beauty, comprising some of the prettiest girls in the business, appear in it. The "Boy of the Irish Brigade" is the afterpiece, with Geo. R. Edeson as the Irishman.

At Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, the following performers compose the company:—Miss Jennie Engel, Tillie Forbes, Julia Robinson, Maggie Marshall, M'lle Louise Bliss; Signor Bliss, Billy Cavanagh, Johnny Pierce, Dick Batchelor, John Cluskey, etc.

At the St. Louis Varieties, last week, the "Soldier's Love" was on, with negro burlesques by Reeves, Purdy, Foster, Raymond, and *corps de Afrique*.

Miss Jennie Williams and Mr. H. W. Egan were duly made one and the same, indivisible and indissoluble, on Sunday evening, March 9, in Washington, according to our previous notice to that effect. Mr. George R. Edeson, and Miss Kate Pennoyer, danseuse, supported the happy couple on the trying occasion. Among the professionals present were Miss Julia Mortimer, the pleasing songstress, and Mr. Harry Clifford, the comedian of Grover's Theatre. The affair was conducted very pleasantly, and in addition to the usual wedding cake, there was a splendid supper, "interspersed" with the appropriate "O, be joyful," and "all seemed delighted with the evening's entertainment." All is now quiet on the Potomac.

"Ondine" was the first thing on the bills last week at the Bowery, St. Louis. "Aladdin" was in preparation. Jake Esher will soon take his sixth annual benefit, for which extensive preparations are making.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, has been doing a fine business the past week. Manager Smythe continues to keep up a perfect unbroken stream of attraction, and consequently he reaps a rich harvest.

The Old Melodeon, Pittsburgh, has been re-opened. The building has been refitted, and furnished with new scenery.

Cadwell's Opera Troupe took possession of the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, recently, and gave a series of very entertaining performances, to fine business. The company included Misses Laura Le Claire, Effie Dalton; Messrs. Josh. Hart, C. Covelli, C. Du Crow, J. Mitchell, Geo. Fox, Chas. Abbott, J. Wilson, C. Wilson, W. McKee, Master Willie, etc. A complimentary to C. Covelli took place on the 4th. The house was crowded. Josh Hart and Laura Le Claire concluded their engagement on the 3d, but remained to perform for Covelli's benefit. They opened at the Varieties, Detroit, on the 9th inst. Cadwell's company had finished at the Academy, and returned to their old hall on the 9th, opening with some new faces. Cadwell had left for Chicago and St. Louis, to look up fresh talent.

"Old Carey's Varieties" was advertised to open at Odd Fellows' Hall, Memphis, last week. Is "Old Carey" one of *Mother* Carey's chickens?

In the House of Representatives, at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 10th inst., Mr. Kaine read a bill making it a misdemeanor to occupy or lease any tenement or garden for any performance in the nature of a theatrical exhibition, without first obtaining a license, and inflicting a penalty of not more than $500, and an imprisonment of one year, for employing women as attendants, or for selling liquor at any such place of amusement. It is the New York bill, reproduced. "As goes New York, so goes the Keystone State;" a little rough on the Keystone, though.

Ryan's Free Concert, in Milwaukee, is doing well. In the party are Seamon and wife, comic singer and danseuse; Bob Lindley, banjoist; and W. Johnson, Irish vocalist.

One of the greatest entertainments ever given in any music hall, was that which took place at the Continental, Philadelphia, on the 5th inst., on the occasion of John Mulligan's benefit, referred to in our last. The list of the performers engaged in this feast comprised M'lle Helene, Ernestine de Faiber, Kitty Blanchard, Julia Price, Eva Brent, Kate Hamilton, Susie Somerfield, Rose Smith, Clara Berger, Lucy Hamblin, Tony Pastor, J. C. Wallace, Tim Hayes, Dick Sands, Sig. Monteverde, Paul Berger, Sam Long, Mickey Warren, Mike McKenna, G. W. Smith, Denny Gallagher, A. J. Leavitt, C. McMillan; and last, though by no means least, John Mulligan. John had an appropriately tall benefit, and a bill such as is seldom offered.

The concert saloons in San Francisco appear to be doing well. Our correspondence from there is up to the 12th ult. Gilbert's Melodeon continued to do an immense business, giving, as it does, a most excellent entertainment.....Bella Union has done so well, that Manager Tetlow has found it necessary to enlarge his house.....The Union was not so prosperous, and it was feared it could not last.

Sherry Corbyn has given the ladies of San Francisco a treat that they have long craved. Gilbert's Melodeon Troupe perform every Wednesday afternoon, at the Eureka Theatre, and the way they crowd there is a caution to silk dresses and fourteen-dollar bonnets, and they are now satisfied that the gents have good cause to bestow their patronage on this popular institution, where mirthful Lotta, graceful Sophie Worrell, droll little Jenny, and comical Joe Murphy, backed by such performers as Irene, Lizzie Smith, Nora Risa, the great Billy Bernard, Johnny De Angelis, Fred Woodhull, and a host of other lesser lights, are wont to keep them in a roar for four mortal hours each evening, for the trifling sum of two bits, or six and a quarter cents per hour.

Beller, who some time since sold his Detroit concert hall and fixtures to the proprietors of the Varieties, was last week in Chicago, negotiating for a place of amusement there. The hall he occupied in Detroit has been closed since he sold out.

Miss Nellie Howard, female jig dancer, is one of the fresh attractions at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, this week. J. Clarke Wells and Master Bobby also begin an engagement there. Chiariski, wire walker, walks in on the 18th.

L. M. Bayless's concert company are still on their travels through Michigan.

The Canterbury, Chicago, still flourishes, playing to very good houses.

During the past week, the Varieties, Detroit, under its new managers, Jacobs & Welsh, has nightly padded out its sides with fullness. How could it be otherwise with such an array of artists as the following:—Stage manager and balladist, Harry Clinton; musical director, W. Benedix; pianist, Prof. Cueney; the Misses Farrand, Celestine, Estelle, and M'lle Frances, danseuses; Sarah Duval, Mary Wilson, and Miss Hillington, vocalists; Laura Le Clair, female jig dancer; Josh Hart, Cal Wagner, Johnny Judge, and Dan Shelby, negro delineators; J. H. Carle, banjoist; Sig. Abijah, prestidigitateur; Pat Conner, Irish singer; E. C. Buell, comic vocalist; T. T. Johns, burlesque dancer.

Our intimation that Frank Rivers had come to a disastrous failure, is corroborated by a correspondent in Dayton, Ohio, under date of the 12th inst. He says, however, it was Miss Jennie Johnson who sued him. He was arrested on the morning of the 25th of February, as soon as he arrived in Springfield, and the company, who were really in need of money, asked Charles A. Morris to manage the concern. Mr. Lee Powell and Morris held a consultation, which resulted in their taking the management of the troupe, Mr. Powell as agent, and Mr. Morris as manager. They have rid themselves of the females formerly attached to the company, and now show as a minstrel band. In the company are Charley Reynolds, R. C. Stone, Harry Pell, H. T. Mudge, G. Douglass, C. A. Morris, E. N. Catlin, and C. Curtis. They show in Cincinnati this week. Frank Rivers seems to have gone all to pieces. C. A. Morris was at one time a partner with Rivers; but not liking the connection, he withdrew.

We had a letter from a Newark, N. J., correspondent last week, in which some undeserved remarks appear to have been made regarding the music hall in that place. We are asked to publish the following reply. The bill before us certainly shows that the company is a very talented one, embracing, among others, the names of Silas D. Baldwin, Dan Holt, Fred Shaw, Billy Thomas, Tom Vance, Bob Butler, Misses Kate Archer, Kate Walters, Josephine Bernard, and Amelia Wells. Here is Mr. Hitchcock's reply:—Newark, March 14.—FRANK QUEEN:—In reading over your amusement column, we were rather startled at the remarks of your Newark correspondent concerning the concert hall. Your correspondent either has not been to the hall, or, if he has been there, he has wilfully misrepresented us. To falsify his entire statement, it is only necessary to state that, up to the day of writing, we have been open only eleven days, whereas your correspondent, who must have written a week ago, asserts that we had then been open two weeks. Now, in regard to management, the lessees of the concert hall, Messrs. Hitchcock & McManus, are not adventurers, but legitimate managers, Mr. H. being proprietor of the National Music Hall, in Canal street, New York city, and M. McM., manager of the same institution. So much for statement number two. Now, as regards performers, to falsify his statement in that respect, we enclose you a programme, by which you will perceive that all of our performers are stars, and that the programme is replete with a performance that equals any entertainment ever given from any concert hall stage. MESSRS. HITCHCOCK & MCMANUS,
Lessees of Concert Hall, Newark, N. J.

CIRCUSES.

In our last, we published a card from Mr. W. T. Aymar, denying the statement of Sarah Batchelder being his wife at the time of her death, or of her being in the profession. By the last steamer from California, we received a letter touching the affairs of Mr. Aymar and the late Sarah Batchelder, and as it is our desire to get matters correct, we give the communication, omitting some of the stronger points. It is as follows:—San Francisco, Feb. 12, '63.—MR. FRANK QUEEN—An article appeared in your paper of the 10th of Jan., which puts in the shade anything of the kind I ever saw, as it is therein mentioned that Wm. Aymar, the circus man, has come into a streak of good luck, by the will of the late Sarah Batchelder, who bequeathed most of her property to said W. T. Aymar and his wife. Now, in justice to his wife (whom he left in New York,) allow me to correct a few errors in that statement. When W. T. Aymar left this place to follow the fortunes of the lamented Dr. Bassett, he was enamored of this same Sarah Batchelder.....After arriving in Lima (Peru, South America,) he was joined there by Miss B., who was very unwell, and for some time she travelled with the company there, with what harmony is only known to the experienced. About the 1st of Aug., 1862, Miss Batchelder was taken worse, and was lying at the point of death, when this same W. T. Aymar was "married" to her, and she died the same day. Your correspondent writes of W. T. Aymar and his wife, in consideration of their kindness during her last illness; his information is from a bad source, as any one of the company will testify, if necessity requires. W. T. Aymar was well known before he came to California; the relations of his wife in New York were very much opposed to the match, but he took her from her friends, and then left her behind when he left New York. JOSE MONTARO.

The Arena, which recently closed in Brooklyn, is considered a little too far away for the permanent success of a circus company. Mr. Stokes succeeded well for a time, but the distance did not "lend enchantment to the view" sufficiently to keep up the tide of success.

Hiram Marks, clown and general performer, is in Chicago, waiting to turn up for somebody. He was engaged by Mabie, but there seems to have been a hole in the ballad, and Marks dropped through. He is ready to make his marks for any one who wants him.

The attention of circus managers, and others interested, is called to the card of Mr. Wm. Lake, in our advertising department. Mr. Lake, who is well known as a clown, wishes to negotiate with managers for the professional services of himself and family, and five horses.

Frank Whittaker has taken the Amphitheatre in Philadelphia, just vacated by Gardner & Hemmings, and will continne the performances as usual.

The Sherwood Family have left Nixon's Circus, in Alexandria, and wended their way northward.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Prof. Simon gave a concert at Nordheimer's Hall, Montreal, C. E., on March 12th, assisted by many amateurs, and the Germania Quartette Club.

A juvenile concert, conducted by Mr. Youmans, at Montreal, C. E., on the 6th inst., was largely attended.

La Rue's "Panopticon of the War" has been exhibiting for the past two weeks in Rochester, N. Y., and a good attendance has been the result. Whiston, the humorist, gives his eccentric impersonations of human nature at each entertainment.

Chas. Shay's Jugglers gave no exhibition in New Haven, Ct., as announced, on account of a snow storm.

The Stereopticon, said to be Tom Hampton's, filled up the week in Brewster's Hall, New Haven, Ct.

Five hundred dollars are offered for investment by Henry Clifford, in some sort of show business that is reliable, and that will pay. See his advertisement.

Jas. Murdoch is announced to give two readings in Sandusky, Ohio, on the 16th and 17th inst.

A party of Old Folks, assisted by the Paige sisters, are giving concerts in Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, this week. They will close there on the 23d.

Fallon's Stereopticon was exhibited at Utica, N. Y., on the 12th inst.

Professor Manuel gave a masquerade at Harmony Hall, Troy, N. Y., on the 10th, which drew a big party, and created much amusement.

"Peters' Grand Gift Art Exhibition of Shellwork," was to open at Rand's Hall, Troy, N. Y., on the 12th, when it was expected that the public would shell out liberally. Peters will gather them in for one week, sure; and after that, all depends.

The O'Neil Troupe were in Sandusky, Ohio, recently, and are reported to have done very well.

The Holman Opera Troupe opened at Liberty Hall, New Bedford, Mass., on the 11th inst., to one of the finest houses of the season, according to our New Bedford correspondence. The Holmans combine a high grade of talent, with a happy perceptive faculty, which enables them to play *to* their audience; and this, coupled with industry and neatness, and care in costume, is one of the secrets of their success. The troupe appear in Worcester this week. The cast for the opera of "Somnambula," which they are said to give very effectively, is as follows:—Amina, Miss Sallie; Teresa, Miss Lillie; Liza, Miss Adelle; Elvino, Master John; Rodolpho, Master Alfred; Alessio, Master Benjamin; Notary, anybody; and anybody can see this talented little party for 25 and 50 cents, according to location.

Crosby, balladist, composer, and musical "cuss" generally, is "going it alone" through the towns in Illinois. He had a full house at Central Hall, Pekin, last week. The Register says—"His whole troupe consists of himself, banjo, and other musical instruments." Good for him!

Col. W. W. Warren, with his "Panorama of the War," opened at La Salle, Ill., March 5th. J. H. Hoyt, the rope walker and magician, is "along." They are doing a paying business.

The prices of admission charged by many troupes, theatricals, concerts, &c., through the west, are now 50 cts. They get just as many people, and a little more "spons."

The Alleghanians, vocalists and Swiss bell ringers, advertised at Peoria, commencing March 14th.

Dolly Dutton was at Birchard's Hall, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, last week.

Miss Mary Fielding's Novelty troupe are now in operation at Sanford's Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa. Miss Mary A. Fielding is lessee; Miss Lizzie Fielding, manageress; Miss Kate Fielding, ballet mistress; J. Budd, stage director; H. Egke, treasurer; Wm. Weber, leader orchestra; J. Van Weisman, scenic artist; Mr. Wood, properties. The company is composed of the Misses Fielding, Ella Zoyara Forrest, J. Budd, Billy Ward, J. Woods, Charlie Rivers, Dan Howard, and Prof. Gaston. The performances consist of singing, dancing, Ethiopian eccentricities, and farce.

Dr. Lillie has been giving a series of laughing gas entertainments in Pittsburgh. He was well patronized. "Laughing gas" has the happy effect of occasionally setting some inhalers to crying, but then, you know, everybody is not constituted like everybody else.

The "Burning of Moscow" was on exhibition last week, at Spring Garden Institute Hall, Philadelphia. Mr. Gallagher, the "world-renowned" ventriloquist and humorist, is connected with the show.

Managers of theatres, minstrel bands, and other organizations, who may be in want of an instrumental leader, are referred to an advertisement in this issue.

Notwithstanding the excitement over the recent riot in Detroit, Mr. Murdoch gave two of his readings at Young Men's Hall on the 11th and 12th, to paying business.

Father Kemp's Old Folks were at Bryan Hall, Chicago, last week.

Conant's Polymorama is in its third week at Detroit.

Mason Jones gave his first oration in Rochester, N. Y., on the 11th inst., in Corinthian Hall.

The American Parlor Opera Troupe are to perform in Concord, Lowell, Watertown, and Newton, this week. Maritana is being arranged for the troupe.

Henri de Gaston, professor of mental, physical, and occult sciences, takes possession of Concert Hall, Philadelphia, this week, for the purpose of giving a series of magical and other experiments.

O. S. Fowler gave a lecture "for ladies only," at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the afternoon of the 14th inst. What could the Professor have to say to the ladies that made it necessary to leave the men out in the cold. Depend upon it, there's something wrong there.

Wright & Seavey's Panorama of the Mississippi and its War is on exhibition at Corinthian Hall, Rochester. G. A. Hough is the lecturer. It commences on the 17th.

The Continental Old Folks will be in Dayton, Ohio, on the 24th, 25th, and 26th inst.

Florence Miller, Mrs. Chas. Smith, Prof. Hutchings, and company, were at Dayton, Ohio, on the 13th and 14th inst.; with D. E. Ralton as business manager.

AMATEUR.

The Sergeant Amateurs of the Scots Fusilier Guards made their first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 14th, in a performance, of which the following was the programme:—"The Toodles," "Lend Me Five Shillings," "Sons of Mars Amateur Minstrels," and "The Stage Struck Yankee," winding up with "God Save the Queen." We thank them for bearing us in mind in so melodious a manner.

On the 12th inst, the amateurs of the garrison at Montreal, C.E., gave a performance, consisting of "Rose of Ettrick Vale," "The Momentous Question," and "The Dead Shot."

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Falconer's "Bonnie Dundee" having made a *fiasco*, has been christened by the London wits "Bonnie Dun-dreary!" It is remarkable only for the scenic splendors introduced into it by Grieul and Telbin—and also for the acting of Mrs. Bowers, who plays the heroine with immense spirit, and, as far as the writing of the piece will admit of it, with immense effect. Mrs. Bowers has just purchased a new play from Charles Selby, the veteran dramatist, and it is said to be his *chef d'œuvre*.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews are still on a provincial tour, and doing a fine business. Mrs. Matthews at present is not acting, but superintends the business department, which she manages with care, ability, and shrewdness.

Douglass Thompson, the celebrated mimic and lecturer, has resigned his appointment of Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music—a large private practice occupying his time more profitably. Douglas is a prince of good fellows, and one of the most inexhaustible of story tellers. His imitations of the Keans (father and son,) Buckstone, Macready, Webster, Wigan, Robson, and Paddy Green, are wonderful.

A Birmingham temperance newspaper reproaches Mr. Howard Paul for using real wine on the stage. It seems that in a little piece he performs in, the "Old Folks," a song is introduced called "Sparkling Champagne," and by way of illustration, a real bottle of Moet is introduced, which goes off with an exhilarating bang. This has given mortal offence to the Birmingham scribe, who denounces the use of real champagne on a public stage, as an outrage to public morals. Howard is right to stick to his fiz, which is far more cheerful than tart water or lemonade.

The Fire King has turned up again, this time in the person of Cristaforo Buono Core. He has been engaged for California, and was to leave Liverpool on the 28th of Feb., for San Francisco, under engag

singer, is announced in the Paris papers. She retired from the stage about eighteen or nineteen years ago, and at the time of her decease, was in her sixty-third year.

The "Winning Suit," a new drama by Mr. L. Fillmore, proved winning suit at the Princess's, London. Miss Amy Sedgwick sustained the principal character.

Another actor gone. On the 21st ult., Mr. Herman Vezin, of the Princess's Theatre, London, was united in marriage to the accomplished actress, Mrs. Charles Young. Both are doing well in their new engagement.

"By command," Collins's Christy Minstrels were to give a grand "morning performance" on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 10, at St. James's Hall, in honor of the marriage of his Royal Nibs, the Prince of Wales.

Sam Redden and Joe Daniels, American Negro Jesters, etc., were performing in Dublin, and they very truly say that "managers requiring reference as to their abilities will kindly apply to managers under whom they have been engaged, instead of asking the opinion of Professionals, *who seldom speak well of one another.*" Hard, but true.

Emma Stanley was doing well in Birmingham.

Mrs. St. John, "the enchanting American balladist and serio-comic vocalist," and Mr. St. John, "the inimitable American dancer," were already having two turns a night at a couple of London music halls, but were open for another turn at half-past 10 o'clock." Give 'em another turn, by all means.

Jeannie Deans, and Effie Deans, and a lot of other Deans, were being played all over Great Britain. Probably Boucicault's last sensation was "up" at thirty or forty theatres in Great Britain.

Bell's Hippodrome, Liverpool, was to be sold at auction, on the 13th inst., by order of the Court of Bankruptcy, Bell having been tolled out. The whole concern was to be knocked down, including twenty-two highly trained horses, seven clever and gentle ponies, vans, dresses, properties, etc.

Tom Sayers, who has been doing clown business at the Britannia Theatre, London, was up for a benefit on the 11th of March, for which occasion Tom had "the pleasure of announcing that his gallant opponent, John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, will appear on the stage in a friendly turn, thus giving the public an opportunity of seeing together these two great champions 'As on Farnb'ro's plain, did raise their fame.'"

M. Gompertz's new American Panorama of the war in America, was shortly to be unrolled.

Signor Salvini, an occasional actor of certain Shakespearean plays, has recently fought a duel with the dramatic critic of a Turin journal of high standing, and wounded his antagonist. The affair arose out of an article in the journal in question, which was not of a complimentary nature to the sensitive tragedian. The immediate cause of the duel was, however, an assault committed by the latter on the critic at a public ball.

Mr. Henry Phillips, a favorite vocalist, has retired from public life, having given his farewell concert in London, on the 25th of Feb. He has been before the public about 40 years.

Died, in London, on the 23d ult., Mr. George Genge, vocalist. He was in his 42d year.

Here's a go. The Pope has liberally subscribed towards the fund for the relief of the *artistes* employed in the theatre which was lately destroyed by fire in Rome. This is not the first time that his Holiness has manifested a friendly feeling for members of the theatrical profession.

It is reported that Mr. Boucicault is about to erect a new theatre in London, nearly opposite the Haymarket Theatre. Boucy is game. The site chosen is the ground whereon stood the Angelsea Tavern.

Ristori recently appeared at Naples in a new and successful historical tragedy. Dumas is also said to have written a new tragedy for the artist.

Gardiner Coyne is performing at the Theatre Royal, Bolton.

Miss Helen Western (sister of our Lucille), followed Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean at the Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh. She was to appear at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 2d of March.

Prof. Stone, biologist, was at Gloucester. He thinks of returning to America shortly. This rolling Stone seems to have been quite successful.

While M. de Flotow, the composer of Stradella, was attending the representation of the opera at the Italian Theatre, he received a dispatch announcing the death of his mother.

Prof. Anderson commenced a series of magical entertainments in Edinburgh, on the 23d ult. He was to appear in Glasgow next.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were in Glasgow.

Mr. J. Fredericks, who resided in America for a number of years, played Richard III. at the New Adelphi, Liverpool, on the 23d ult., and then withdrew on account of "indisposition." Asa Cushman was well received at the same theatre, in Green Bushes and the Red Rover.

Mr. Parkin Pearson, connected with the dramatic profession, died at Leeds, and was buried on the 22d ult.

About forty persons, almost exclusively belonging to what is generally called the higher class of society, have been fined from one to five francs each, for creating disturbances in the Toulouse Theatre during the recent representation of the political comedy of "Les Fils de Giboyer." The parties thus fined, and amongst whom were several Counts and Marquises, belong to the "clerical" party.

Delevanti, the young man who sustained serious injury from an accident during his performance on the trapeze, some weeks ago, at Bell's Hippodrome, Liverpool, was up for a benefit at Bell's Circus, on the 17th ult.

"Jeannie Deans, or the Sisters of St. Leonards," was produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, on the 23d ult., introducing a young Scottish comedian, named George Fisher, as the Laird of Dumbiedykes, and Miss Marriott as Jennie Deans. The Nelson Sisters had concluded their engagement, and were to appear in Dublin on the 2d of March.

The pretty little actress, Miss Ettie Henderson, has been creating quite a *furore* in the provinces among our English cousins, and she is now playing, as we stated in our last, her first London engagement, where she has been well received by large audiences, and is highly recommended by the press. In the new drama of "Fanchon, or the Cricket," she has especially made a hit, and it has been no uncommon occurrence for her to be summoned before the curtain two, three, and even four times during one performance. She has numerous offers of engagements since her success in London, which may postpone her visit to this city for a number of months. On her return home, she should meet with much success, not only here, but in the western cities, where she has been performing for the last three or four years. In Pittsburg, the scene of her childhood, she has legions of friends, who are watching her progress with unalloyed pleasure, and who will hail with delight her return to her home.

The magnificent little theatre erected at Delmabakche by the Sultan Abdul Medjid, at a cost of sixty million piastres, has been converted by the present Sultan into barracks for soldiers. What a Turk he must be!

AMESEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
A DECIDED HIT. GREAT SUCCESS.
Enthusiastic Reception of the New Prize Play.
Mr. Wood respectfully announces that the
UNANIMOUS APPROBATION OF THE
CROWDED AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES
Who during the past week have witnessed the performances of the New Prize Play,
GRAND-DAD JOE,
ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE PRESS AND PUBLIC
To be the best play ever produced in a Minstrel Hall, presenting a strict
MORAL LESSON TO THE YOUNG,
Enchaining the attention of the audience, and alternately eliciting
SMILES AND TEARS
FROM THE OLD AND YOUNG, THE GRAVE AND GAY,
Induces him to announce that
GRAND-DAD JOE
Will be performed every evening until further notice.
Previous to the piece
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD,
will appear in their
INIMITABLE MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENT.
Doors open at 6¾; commence at 7¾ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
R. M. HOOLEY.....Sole Proprietor.
E. BOWERS.....Director of Amusements.
T. B. PRENDERGAST.....Vocal Director.
Prof. STRAUB.....Instrumental Director.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, and during the week,
AN ENTIRE CHANGE,
First week of E. BOWERS' New Sketch,
THE CARTE DE VISITE MANIA;
OR,
WILLIAMSON IN A DILEMMA.
First week of the grand Fairy Spectacle called
THE FOUR T THIEVES,
In which all the Leviathans will appear.
E. BOWERS, the great Mogul of Minstrelsy.
ARCHY HUGHES, the Prince of Ethiopian Comedians.
J. WHITING, the Eccentric Old Contraband.
T. B. PRENDERGAST, and J. A. HERMAN,
The much admired Tenor Vocalists.
G. W. CHARLES, the Premiere Danseuse of the Profession.
Hunneman, McNally, Straub, Hempe, and Riley, in new Songs, Acts, and Plantation Scenes, &c., &c.
Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾.
Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3. 49-

A YOUNG MAN having $500, would like to invest them in some Show or Concert Business, that will bear strict investigation, and is making money. None but bona fide parties need answer, stating nature of business and real name. Address
49-1t* HARRY CLIFFORD, CLIPPER OFFICE.

M'LLE BRIGNOLI, the beautiful and accomplished Female Violinist, Vocalist, and Danseuse, is playing at Trimble's Variety, one of the most successful engagements ever played in Pittsburgh. Managers desiring the services of this talented Artist, will please address FRANK WHITNEY,
49-2t* Scott House, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 16,
First night of the magnificent Operatic Spectacle of the
ENCHANTRESS.
The distinguished American Prima Donna,
MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
In her celebrated character of STELLA, the Enchantress.
The eminent Artist,
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
In his original character of RAMIR, the Pirate,
And a cast of great excellence.

Don Sylvio.....L. R. Shewell.	Pambo Puncho. .....Andrews.
Duke d'Aquila.....Mordaunt.	Namba Jumba.....Wilson.
Dr. Mathanasius.....Lamb.	Busiris.....Blaisdell.

The Grand Ballet with
MLLE. ANNETTA GALETTI,
AS THE SPIRIT OF GOOD,
Mad. MARZETTI, Mlle. KATRINE,
SIGNOR RONZANI,
As the Spirit of Evil, and a full Corps.
New Scenery by J. H. Selwyn; beautiful Music, by Balfe and Dr. Cunnington, rendered by an Increased Orchestra and Full Chorus, under the direction of HARVEY B. DODWORTH; brilliant Costumes (entirely new) under the immediate supervision of Peter Richings, Mons. Philippe and assistants; the extensive machinery, by Runyon & Demilt; the Paraphernalia, Decorations, and Appointments, by S. Wallis.
Seats secured three days in advance.
Box Book open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock. 49-

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 16,
A NEW GRAND FRENCH DRAMA.
NEW SCENERY. NOVEL EFFECTS.
The Grand Drama of
THE OLD HOUSE;
OR, THE BRIDGE OF NOTRE DAME.
MR. G. C. BONIFACE,
In Two Great Characters.
MRS. W. G. JONES,
as ZOE, The Creole.
THE BROOKLYN BURGLAR.
MR. G. C. BONIFACE.....as.....The Burglar.
The Scotch Drama of
BROWNIE OF THE BRIG;
OR,
THE SPECTRE OF THE LAKE.
Tuesday Evening (St. Patrick's Day) a great Bill: 49

AMERICAN THEATRE,
444 BROADWAY.
THE GREAT INSTITUTION OF THE AGE.
The only place of Amusement in America nightly presenting A STOCK COMPANY composed exclusively of STAR ARTISTS. Since the opening of this popular theatre, it has been the GREAT DESIDERATUM of intellectual amusement seekers. The only establishment presenting a performance combining all the best and most popular features of
OPERA,
MINSTRELSY,
DRAMA,
BURLESQUE,
GYMNASTICS, &c., &c.
Week after week its popularity has increased, while dozens of imitators (some with old ideas, some with new ideas, but the majority with no ideas at all) have sprung up like manna in the night, and died just as quickly. It stands firmly fixed on an
IMMOVABLE BASIS—
THE POPULAR WILL.
The talent of the world is at our command.
EVERY GREAT AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN STAR APPEARS
FIRST AT
THE AMERICAN THEATRE, 444 BROADWAY.
Never in the history of public Amusements has there been seen upon one stage and at one time such a list of superior artists as are now performing here. Mark
C. E. COLLINS,
The World-renowned Comedian, Comic Vocalist, and Dancer, pronounced by the Press and the Public of Great Britain to be
THE GREATEST COMIC ARTIST OF THE AGE.
This opinion has been fully endorsed by the Public of New York.
T. L. DONNELLY,
The greatest Irish Comedian of the day, whose every word and action is redolent of "the brogue in its purity."
MISS FANNY FORREST,
America's favorite and best Vocalist. The Queen of Song. Her first appearance on Monday Evening.
CHARLEY WHITE,
The master delineator of the "Colored Man" as he is.
THE SCHULTZE SISTERS,
The beautiful and popular Danseuses and Vocalists.
MISS FRANCES LE ROY,
The exquisite Cantatrice and Danseuse.
CHARLEY GARDNER.
The great original Ethiopian Comedian.
J. WAMBOLD,
The monarch of Banjoists.
R. HART,
The popular representative of the Contraband Race.
Mdlle. AUGUSTA WALBY, Mdlle. MILLIE FLORA,
Mdlle. LOUISE, MISS MARY BLAKE,
And a full and Splendidly Efficient
CORPS DE BALLET,
Directed by the great Maitre de Ballet,
MONS. PAUL BRILLIANT.
Numerous Striking Novelties in course of readiness for speedy production.
The Management have great pleasure in announcing engagements with several
STAR ARTISTS,
Who will shortly appear. Due notice will be given.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager. 49-tf

THE GREAT ORIGINAL
SANFORD, AND HIS STAR COMBINATION,
Have started on their SPRING TOUR, from his Opera House, Harrisburgh, Pa.
SANFORD, THE PEER OF MINSTRELSY,
WITH HIS LEGITIMATE
CHOIR OF MINSTRELS,
Now Performing at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa.
The name of SANFORD is sufficient guarantee of success, which has always been with him in every City and Town throughout the
UNITED STATES,
GREAT BRITAIN, and
THE CANADAS.
The Programme presented at each place we may have the honor to visit, will be strictly complied with, and a guarantee that all is
ORIGINAL AND INIMITABLE.
SAMUEL S. SANFORD,
49-1t* Manager and Proprietor.

SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE,
HARRISBURG, PA.
MISS MARY A. FIELDING.....Sole Lessee.
MISS LIZZIE FRANCIS FIELDING..Manageress.
MISS KATE FRANCIS FIELDING....Ballet Mistress.
J. BUDD.....Stage Director.
H. EGLEE.....Treasurer.
WM. WEBER.....Leader of Orchestra.
J. VAN WEISMAN.....Scenic Artist.
CROWDED HOUSES GREET
MISS MARY A. FIELDING'S
ATTRACTIVE NOVELTY TROUPE,
EVERY NIGHT. 49-1t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, The following Talent:—A good Ethiopian Comedian, to play Bones on the end, one that can do Song and Dances, Comic Banjo Solos, Stump Speeches, and well up in Double Acts; a good experienced Bass Singer, to act as Middle Man, &c.; an excellent B Flat Cornet Player, to play in the Orchestra and Brass Band; and a good Picolo Player, who can play a Flute and a Brass Instrument—Tenor Horn preferred. None need apply unless competent to fill the above named positions, and the same must be strictly temperate. Salary moderate, but sure every week. Address to Toronto, Canada West, until the 28th inst., stating lowest terms, abilities, &c. CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager of Duprez & Green's
49-2t* New Orleans and Metropolitan Minstrels.

C. E. FRANCIS, Wench Dancer and Burlesque prima donna, formerly of Sanford's Opera House, is ready to negotiate with Managers. Address, Media, Delaware county, Pa. 49-1t

TO CIRCUS PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS. WILLIAM LAKE, the popular Clown, wishes to secure an engagement for himself, wife and Mdlle Alice; also, five well-bred Horses, highly trained for both the pad and tricks. Address
49-2t WM. LAKE, Box 1725, Cincinnati P. O.

TO MANAGERS OF THEATRICALS, MINSTRELS, &c. The undersigned is now prepared to negotiate as Leader, either Brass or String. Also, Soloist on either instrument. Is experienced in all lines of the business. Address
49-2t* GEO. A. FLORANCE, New Haven, Conn.

BROADWAY MENAGERIE, 600 BROADWAY.—L. B. Lent, Manager. Open from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.
LAST WEEK BUT ONE
of the finest and most complete collection of living
BEASTS, BIRDS, AND REPTILES,
Ever opened in New York.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY,
by the wonderful performing Elephants, Ponies, Monkeys and Mules. Admission 25 cents.

BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT BY J. BOGAN, 139 First Avenue, N. Y. Banjos, superior to any in the world, for sale from $7 upwards. N. B.—On receipt of $1, I will send three written lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. 49-1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

CONCERT HALL,
LATE NEWARK THEATRE.
WM. HITCHCOCK & T. J. McMANUS, MANAGERS.
The following Company appear every evening:

SILAS D. BALDWIN,	CHARLES DEVERE,
The Indian Juggler.	The Wonderful Rope Performer.
BOB BUTLER,	DAN HOLT,
The American Pantomimist.	The Celebrated Banjoist.
FRED SHAW,	TOM VANCE,
The Popular Comic Singer.	The Philadelphia Favorite.
BILLY THOMAS,	AMELIA WELLS,
The Eccentric Contraband.	The Pleasing Vocalist.

MISS KATE WALTERS, MISS JOSEPHINE BERNARD,
MISS KATE ARCHER,
The Pleasing Danseuses, and
A GRAND CORPS DE BALLET. 49-1t*

CHALLENGE TO EUROPE AND AMERICA.—I, SIGNOR ALBERTINI CHIRISKI, Slack Wire Performer, Juggler and Ventriloquist, commence a Starring Engagement at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, March 16th, and do hereby challenge any male or female performer in Europe or America, for $1000. Managers wishing to secure my services for One, Two, or Four Weeks, may apply to my SOLE AND ONLY AGENTS, JAMES CONNOR & CO., 614½ Broadway, N. Y. JOHN GILBERT,
49-1t known as Albertini Chiriski.

VARIETIES THEATRE, ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MILWAUKEE. The above Establishment is now in the full tide of success. Ladies and Gentlemen of talent desiring engagements, may apply to WELCH EDWARDS, Manager, or JAS. CONNER & Co., 614½ Broadway, N. Y. 49-1t

TONY DENIER, Clown and Comic Pantomimist, having finished a most successful engagement, of over four months, at the New Bowery Theatre, is now at liberty. Managers will please Address, TONY DENIER, 75 Chrystie st., N. Y. 49-1t*

THE RING.

MILL BETWEEN
DAN QUINN AND JACK CUNNINGHAM,
FOR $25 A SIDE, AT MONTREAL,
THURSDAY, MARCH 5.

A Montreal correspondent sends us the following account of a fight between two "iron puddlers" named as above:

Jack Cunningham stands 5ft. 10½in., weighs 180 lbs., and hails from Pittsburgh, Pa. Dan Quinn's height is but 5ft. 6½in., and weighed 135 lbs.; he originally came from Troy, N. Y. It appears they had a dispute as to who was the best "puddler," and not being able to prove it satisfactorily by words, they concluded to have a clinch for it, being backed to the extent of $25 each side. Quinn was seconded by Jim Maguire and Pat Fox, Cunningham by Jack Martin and Bill Shelby. Having gone through the regular formulæ, according to Pierce Egan, they commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Quinn having won the toss, took the high ground: he is a fine-made young fellow, with a powerful-looking chest, and well-set about the loins and thighs. Cunningham did not show the same advantage of physical beauty, though big enough to eat him up at a mouthful. Betting, 3 to 1 on the Big 'Un, with plenty of takers. They both stood well, and it was evident they were no greenhorns. Jack opened the game by leading off at Dan, who cleverly stopped the intended compliment, cross-countering Jack with a stinging right-hander on the eye, giving him a complete shaking up, and drawing a rapid flow of the carmine. First blood for Dan. This got the giant's dander up, and he went after Dan like a sky rocket: they clinched, but Dan, knowing a bit of wrestling, got Jack on the hip, threw him heavily and fell on him, amid great cheering.

2. Both came up at the call of time. Things had rather a different aspect. Jack's face looked rather the worse, his left eye was in mourning, and had a deep gash under it. Dan's backers now offered even bets, which were taken up freely. Jack acting under the advice of his seconds, to force the fight, on commencing hostilities led off right and left, falling short with both. Considerable shifting and manœuvreing around then took place, when Dan, getting within range, got home with his left on the right cheek, and right on the ivories, getting away without return. Jack followed him all around the ring, striking away rather wildly, Dan's cunning tactics gradually beginning to tell. Being much the better scienced man, Dan propped his opponent right and left, delivered another heavy right-hander under the damaged eye, sending Jack to grass. First knock-down for Dan.

3. Dan's backers now offered 2 to 1—taken. The last round began to tell on Jack. His left eye was closing fast, and he was bleeding from his mouth and nose, and the utmost exertions of his seconds could not stop it. Jack commenced as usual by following up his cunning antagonist, who acted on the defence. Dan, perceiving he had an easy thing, feinted and delivered a heavy left hander under the right eye, which caused "handsome Jack" to shake from head to toe, and again with the right on the bread-basket, Jack's returns, as usual, always falling short. Dan then delivered smartly on the ivory and conk; more dowing of the ruby. Feinting and manœuvring for wind, Dan, getting within range, feinted with the left, and delivered a tremendous right-hander and sent his opponent to mother earth. Second knock-down for Dan.

4, and last. Betting 6 to 1 on Dan, and no takers. Jack came to the scratch at the call of time, through the utmost exertions of his seconds, who thought by his extra strength he might gain some advantage and vanquish his opponent in one round. Dan came up smiling and as firm on his pins as in the first round, without any visible punishment except a little flush on the right cheek. Jack acted on the defence. Dan commenced feinting and dodging around his herculean opponent; delivered left and right on the conk and mouth, causing more claret to flow. After a little more dancing around, he again got home on the right cheek and head of his adversary, when a rally ensued. Dan acted the part of the butcher, by delivering right and left, drawing the ruby from all parts of Jack's countenance. The gallant fellow sustained all his punishment with good bravery, kept boring in only to receive more punishment, when, on getting near the ropes, he grappled for the fall; through being weak from the punishment and loss of blood, he was thrown, and in going down, got a stinging right-hander on the jugular, when a cry of foul arose from Jack's backers. The referee, however, decided fair, ending the round.

Jack's seconds now seeing that he hadn't the ghost of a chance, from his bad condition and the terrific punishment he received, were not able to bring him to the call of time, but threw up the sponge, and Dan was proclaimed victor, after fighting 28 minutes and four rounds.

AT IT AGAIN!—The fire-eating, unreliable, bogus sporting and theatrical sheet, came out in their last issue with a spread-eagle notice of the Lazarus and Daley fight, giving the names of the seconds and other particulars, on the strength of a letter cabbaged from us last week. When the fight came off, neither Bill Clarke nor Harry Lazarus had arrived in San Francisco, and yet they have the cheek to say these two men seconded Johnny! A *very* reliable concern, indeed!' If we hadn't put the boys on their guard, no doubt many would have been led to bet on this yarn, but as it is, no harm was done; why, the writer didn't even have the names right. That comes from knowing nothing about sporting matters—anything for a gag, you know. What next?

MICKEY COBURN'S APPEAL IN HARTFORD.—Joe's youngest brother, Mickey, intends giving a boxing entertainment on Monday next, March 23, at Union Hall, Hartford, Conn., when he will be assisted by Jim Coburn, Jimmy Divine, John Claffy, Hugh McGenley and others. Hughy McGinley, Master of Ceremonies. Tickets, 25 cents.

SQUIBS FROM LONDON.

We have a few little items, not exactly "written expressly for the CLIPPER," but quite good enough for ventilation. Our particular friend, "the man with no whiskers," writing to us on the 26th ult., says:—"The very fine lithographs of your great American actress, Adah Isaacs Menken, which arrived here a few weeks ago, have created quite a commotion in the city. In a noted print-seller's window, in the Strand, one has been on exhibition, and frequently the streets in the vicinity are blocked for an hour at a time. If this is to be the case with the lady's picture, you can imagine what kind of a reception she would get herself.....Fred Taylor, Esq., has relinquished his post on the *Irish Sporting Record*, and is now on the staff of *Bell's Life*..... Messrs. Sharp, "Paddy Kelly," and Westhall threaten vengeance on Mr. J., if they ever catch him again on this side the water. .....Garroting has died out.....It is reported by 'those who know,' that Tom King has been jilted by his lassie, who has *married another*. Our King seems to take the matter very sensibly, and needn't wait long for another if he's fond of married life. Tom, however, still declines fighting.....Mace's Windham Trophy, which he showed me yesterday, is certainly a handsome and elegant present—a very fine thing for sore eyes. .....Poor Scott, (James knew him well) a great sporting celebrity and a publican, in the Strand, died four or five months ago, after only one week of sickness.....George Newbold is getting out a great picture of the Mace and King fight, to be published on the 14th of March, and every exertion has been made to insure accuracy of portraiture.....Deerfoot has fairly accomplished the long-promised great feat of doing 11½ miles inside the hour, (59 min. 44 sec.) There can never be any question about either time or distance, both being closely measured by so many good men and true.....Jem Ward, Charley Lynch, Joe Rowe, are all doing well.....Captain Patten Saunders has faded almost into obscurity—so has Mike Madden."

SKATING AND SLEIGHING.—"Better late than never," so thought Jack Frost and Dinah Snow last week, we presume, for they gave our hitherto disappointed citizens a chance to enjoy the pastimes of sleighing and skating, which, we need hardly add, was gladly taken advantage of. Fast teams were in requisition for a short time early in the week at any price, and during the latter part, the various ponds in the upper part of the city, also in Jersey and on Long Island, had more than a few cutting "kadidoes" on their glittering surfaces. But "the season," as with the opera folks, can only be brief, for Old Sol is getting too much power.

GREAT NEWSPAPER MONOPOLY.

From a correspondent with the Army of the Potomac, we have the following communication in reference to a newspaper monopoly which has been granted to certain New York parties in favor with the General commanding:

DOWN IN OLE VIRGINNY,
WITH ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
March 13, 1863.

THE GRAND NEWSPAPER MONOPOLY.

DEAR CLIPPER.—A great cause of excitement down here has been the "waking up" of the proprietors of the leading journals that come into the army, to the fact that an extensive monopoly has been given to somebody; by which that somebody, without the least possible trouble, is pocketing something over six hundred dollars a day. Your sporting cotemporary is said to be the "boss of the job," and that Messrs. Duff, Stanley, and Tully are partners in the enterprise, the latter being the working man of the firm. The "modus operandi" of the working of this monopoly is simply this—that Tully has a permit from headquarters to transport over the cars and boats, all newspapers which are brought to camp, and none others are permitted the same privilege. It is true, passes will be given to one from each paper to run on the boats, but when reaching Acquia, a party has to be subsidized ere he will permit them to be sent on the cars, his tariff being a dollar on a hundred; a "tall" price for "traveling" eight miles say you, when you consider that from New York to Washington, the price for transporting the same is but about ten cents a thousand. This monopoly is making a considerable stir, and I regret to say that parties near the "throne" here, are charged with being implicated in it, and it is said that they are sharing the profits. Whether true or not, we do not pretend to say; but are knowing to the fact that without the aid of such, so monstrous a monopoly could not exist. When Little Mac was in power, our daily reading was furnished us at five cents a copy, and then we were five times as far from the principal depot as now; here, under this present arrangement, the price is ten cents. It is true, ten cents was the price before the monopoly was in existence, but arrangements were being made to have the price put down to five cents, and such boys as were found charging more would have been refused the papers. Yet another privilege that this same combination is trying to obtain, so I am told, is the entire sutlership of the army. That is, that Duff, who is at present the Headquarter Sutler, is to have the exclusive right to transport goods to our army, and as a consequence, all other sutlers will have to purchase of him, and pay such profits as he may feel disposed to name. This latter privilege we fancy will not be granted, and ere long we are told that the leading journals at the north, and who are in possession of all the facts, will simultaneously come out with an article, making an "expose," which, we are told, will implicate not only the parties named, but others who are here and in Washington.

Yours, PIPES.

A BILLIARD DUEL between John Deery and William Goldthwait appears to be imminent, and our readers need not be surprised if they see the result in our next issue. Last week, it will be remembered, we thought proper to mildly remonstrate with Deery for attempting to depreciate the abilities of other players, including Goldthwait and Kavanagh, for the reason that we deem such conduct decidedly unchivalrous; and in so doing, we took occasion to say, as the remarks imputed to him were not over his own name, that we hardly supposed he expected they would get into the papers, as we well know that often what an individual says "in the heat of debate" he would refrain from subscribing to in cooler moments. What we then wrote was in a spirit of kindness, but Dr. Bachelor, Deery's herald for the occasion, charges us, in "one of the city papers," with being guilty of "an impertinent inuendo" "in stating that we (he) published Deery's challenge without authority," and adds, that he had Mr. O'Connor's authority for publishing it. That's rich, to have one man's authority for publishing another man's statement. But the Doctor of Billiards is evidently a little riled at having his name mentioned, and wishes to stretch a point for the sake of argument, by inferring what we had no idea of intimating. However, it is a matter of little consequence; if Messrs. Connor and Deery are satisfied to have such a manner of challenging fastened on them, we are. At all events, a match is to be played on the strength of it, and Deery offers to play Goldthwait, a home and home match for $100 a side each match of 1,000 points up, the arrangements to be made at once by calling on him at Mr. O'Connor's rooms in Union Square, and is ready to play as soon as Goldthwait can put up the money. Goldthwait accepts, and over *his own name* makes the following rejoinder:—

CARD.—John Deery's proposition, as amended, I consider a fair and manly one, and will be happy to accommodate him as soon as I can see him. I shall be ready to play about Wednesday of this week. I do not consider myself champion, and only replied to Deery because my name was mentioned in the article containing his original *defi*.

WM. GOLDTHWAIT,
Geary's Billiard Rooms, 22 Courtlandt st.

BILLIARD CONTEST FOR $50.—Steve Flynn, of Roberts' Saloon, and Jem Mullen, of Braisted's, had a trial of skill at Braisted's rooms, in Fourth avenue, on Thursday afternoon, March 12th, for $25 a side, in a game of 1000 points up, four ball pocket and carom game, on one of Phelan's tables. Quite a crowd of interested spectators were present, and a few bets were made. Flynn left a bed of sickness to play, and therefore was not in the highest condition possible. Mullen, however, was in grand trim. The game began at 2, P. M., Mullen going in for work at once, Flynn lagging behind considerably for the first 50 odd counts. Afterwards, however, he got warmed up a little, and rid himself of his nervousness, and then steadily began to take the lead, finally coming in the victor by about 80 points. The time of the game was three hours and fifteen minutes, and the average eight and something over. Flynn's 45 was the highest count of the match, 42 being Mullen's best run. Towards the last, when Flynn had a decided lead, Mullen played up very pluckily indeed, scoring over a hundred in four successive runs, but a bad leave gave his opponent a good "posish," and he took advantage of it to run up to within one of going out. Mullen then essayed again to win, but again tripped up, and the next shot of Flynn's closed the contest. Mr. Phelan acted as umpire, and a well-known ex-official did duty as scorer. Taken altogether, the contest was a pretty even one, and well played in some respects.

A BILLIARD "TOORNAMONG" is to take place at Dean's Saloon, corner of Court and Montague streets, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, 19th inst., commencing at 8 P. M. A number of the "*elite*" are to be there, including Messrs. Phelan, Kavanagh, Goldthwaite, Deery, etc. Admirers of the game in the region round about Brooklyn should not fail to attend, if they wish to see the laws of motion "knocked higher than a kite."

A POP AT BILLIARDS FOR FIFTY.—A "little game" at billiards, for a cool fifty, was played at the Pavillion, Troy, N. Y., on the 10th inst., Sullivan giving Wilks 125 points in 500. The playing at the commencement was even, but after a while, Sullivan placed the marbles in a favorable posish, and made game by the big run of 402. The battle is to be fought over again, we are informed.

THE THAMES CHAMPIONSHIP.—In reference to this important aquatic event, little or nothing of import hereaway has come to hand. The next deposit of £25 a side was to be staked on March 3. On Feb. 25, pursuant to resolutions previously passed, a meeting of watermen occurred at Henry Kelly's house, the Bells, Putney, to consider whether any, and if any, what steps should be taken for the management of future races for the Championship; and after a plain, matter-of-fact speech by Kelly, followed by various opinions, it was agreed, among other things, that it was advisable a club, to be called "The Championship Club," should be formed, who would receive subscriptions from every one interested in the matter, including the watermen themselves, and give an annuity of £25 to the Champion while he held the title, besides drawing up rules for all future Championship matches; and further, that the Thames Subscription Club be asked to undertake the management of the affair. Another meeting of amateurs will shortly be called, when the watermen's views will be submitted to them.

RAT KILLING.—A rat bait came off at the City Hall, Adrian, Mich., on the 4th of March, with the following result:—John Gish's 20 lb. dog, Colonel, killed 10 rats in 1 min. 13 seconds; J. H. Wood's 20 lb. dog Fred, 10 rats in 2:38; Ponie Smith's 20 lb. dog, in 1:42; Pete Brown's 25 lb. Billy, in 1:18; Jas. Conlisk's 40 lb. Billy, killed 25 rats in 49 seconds, and took the purse of $25. According to the bill before us, other dogs were "respectfully invited," but the above were the only ones that put in an appearance. "Conditions—Each man to pay for his dog's rats, 15 cents each—by request. Dogs must positively be chained on entering the hall." Conlisk offers to bet dog for dog, and $200, that his dog Billy will kill 100 fair, fresh rats, in 4 min. 30 seconds, and if any one wishes to try him they will say the word, and the match can be on.

TO FANCIERS OF THE GAME FOWL AND POULTRY BREEDERS GENERALLY.
I have on hand and for sale, a very fine lot of Stags and Pullets (bred from my Imported Game Fowls) that were hatched in March. The Stags are all dubbed and in good heart, and as the Pullets are about commencing to lay, it would be desirable for purchasers to make early application. Some of the Stags would make a most capital cross where size is desired.
JNO. B. ASHFORD,
49-4t 607 Callowhill street, Philadelphia.

STEREOCOWPANICVIEW.
25 cents Catalogues of GAY BOOKS.
49-1t* BECKNER & Co., 5027, N. Y. P. O.

GAME FOWL FOR SALE.—JONATHAN DORWART, Lancaster City, Pa., Importer and Breeder of Game Fowls, Ferrets, Rat Dogs, and Bull Terrier Dogs. Gaffs made to order. Also, Eggs of his Imported Fowls for sale. 49-7t*

GEMS FOR GENTLEMEN.—Send for a Descriptive List. Address J. MORAN, Exchange place, Philadelphia, Pa. 49-1t

T. F. T. F. T. F. RICH! Send 50 cents for it, to Box 115 P. O., Boston, Mass. 49-2t*

AMUSEMENTS.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—
DAN BRYANT,
NEIL BRYANT, S. C. CAMPBELL,
W. W. NEWCOMB, G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
DAVE REED, ROLLIN HOWARD,
W. L. HOBBS, G. S. FOWLER, J. H. SIVORI,
G. A. CONNERS, J. MORRISON, MAST. BURNSIDE,
FRANK LESLIE, DAN EMMETT, LITTLE MAC.
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 43-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:
LON MORRIS, N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS, R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL, J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT. R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES, D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER, L. A. ZWISSLER.
D. W. BOARDMAN, JAPANESE TOMMY.
The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
46-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND.
M. C. CAMPBELL.....Manager.
Now performing to Crowded Houses at the
BALTIMORE MUSEUM.
Comprises the following talented performers:
DICK SANDS, TIM HAYES,
J. H. BUDWORTH, M. C. CAMPBELL,
NED DAVIS, MAST. EDDY,
JOHNNY BOOKER, J. E. MEAD,
J. W. HILTON, J. TANNANBAUM,
J. H. CLIFFORD, J. LIVINGSTON,
GEO. GRAY, W. NEVEBIUS,
T. WADDEE, S. ROGASI.
Recognised and fully acknowledged to be the
VERY BEST BAND NOW TRAVELING!!
and the STANDARD TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION.
Critics and Connoisseurs will see at a glance that this company is fully competent to attain the very ACME OF PERFECTION IN MINSTRELSY. The attractions are in part:
SONGS AND BALLADS OF LOVE AND HOME, ARTISTIC DANCING, HISTRIONIC BURLESQUES, OPERATIC GEMS, MERRIMENT EXEMPLIFIED,
WIT, HUMOR, GENIUS AND SONG.
M. C. CAMPBELL, Manager.
FRANK EDWARDS, Agent. 47-tf

JUST FROM NEW ORLEANS
AND THE ISLAND OF CUBA.
CROWNED WITH UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
MAKE WAY FOR
THE GIGANTIC LEADING MINSTREL TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION.
MAMMOTH ORGANIZATION AND BRASS BAND.
Return of the far-famed and world wide renowned
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS & METROPOLITAN
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND,
Also,
COM. FOOT and COL. SMALL,
the two smallest men in the world, outdoing Tom Thumb twenty-five per cent. They are 23 years old, weigh 22 pounds each, and only 28 inches high, admitted to be the greatest curiosity ever brought before the public. They appear in 24 different acts, expressly arranged for them. Just from New Orleans and through the Island of Cuba, where they met with unlimited success and were received nightly with roars of laughter and shouts of applause.
Stage Manager.....J. E. GREEN.
Leader of Brass Band.....C. LAVELLEE.
Musical Director.....J. HEEP.
Vocal Director.....G. BIDEAUX.
The company is composed of the following eighteen Artistic and Brilliant
GREAT STARS OF ETHIOPIAN DELINEATORS.
J. E. GREEN, GUSTAVE BIDEAUX,
J. K. CAMPBELL, HARRY SLATE,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ, M. AINSLEY SCOTT,
JOHN KELK, CALIXA LAVELLEE,
FRED FLORENCE, LOUIS WEST,
J. H. KELLOGG, FLEM ADAMS,
EDWIN HOLMES, GILBERT POND,
A. S. PRENTISS, WM. DUBOIS,
GEORGE YOUNG, SAM P. MARRION,
Being the Greatest Combination of Talent ever concentrated in one Company, excelling and far superior to all other Traveling Troupes in existence.
The whole under the control and direction of
DUPREZ & GREEN, Sole Proprietors.
The above popular Troupe will, during the remainder of the season, visit the Western and Eastern States, also the Canadas.
GRAND BALCONY SERENADES,
Each evening previous to opening the Doors,
BY THE UNEQUALLED
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND,
OF TEN PIECES.
Manager and General Director,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
Advertising Agent, A. S. PRENTISS. 44-tf

LUCILLE WESTERN.
This distinguished artiste is now performing in Philadelphia, at the NEW CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE,
under the management of W. Wheatley, where she has appeared in a dramatic version of the great and universally popular novel of EAST LYNNE, dramatized by Clifton W. Tayleure, Esq., of Baltimore, expressly for Miss Western, to the
LARGEST AUDIENCES
ever assembled within the walls of the theatre. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings, March 4th and 7th, hundreds were
TURNED FROM THE DOORS,
UNABLE TO OBTAIN
EVEN STANDING ROOM.
Her performances have received the highest encomiums of the Press and Public, and the
AUDIBLE SOBS OF WOMEN
AND THE
TEARS OF STRONG MEN,
Nightly attest the powers of this great Artiste.
MISS WESTERN will commence an Engagement at the
WINTER GARDEN, NEW YORK,
ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 23d,
When will be produced the great moral play, entitled
EAST LYNNE;
OR,
THE ELOPEMENT,
In which Miss Western will appear in her celebrated characters of
LADY ISABEL—The Erring Wife,
AND
MADAME VINE—The Heart Broken Governess.
The Play will be produced with
NEW AND APPROPRIATE SCENERY,
and an
ADMIRABLE CAST OF CHARACTERS,
Including all the favorites of the Stock Company, and several Artistes who
HAVE NEVER APPEARED AT THIS THEATRE. 48-tf

MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
Is playing her World-Renowned Character of
MAZEPPA,
At the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, and is nightly greeted by houses crowded from pit to dome. The enthusiasm and success attending the wonderful performances of this great Artiste has never been equalled in this country.
48-2t* GEO. KUNKLE, Manager.

MENAGERIE FOR SALE.—The following Animals may be purchased at a bargain. An enterprising man could make a fortune by running them as a Side Show to a Circus. One Grizzly Bear, one Silver Lion, one Bearded Saki, the only one brought to this country for many years; a pair of Japanese Swine, the greatest Zoological Curiosities extant; a pair of Powees; a splendid pair of Anacondas; birds, etc. Enquire of WM. WALLACE, Broadway Menagerie. 48-tf

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE AND AMPHITHEATRE, Leicester Square, London, England. The Proprietor is at all times ready to engage first class talent and novelty suitable to his Mammoth Entertainment. Terms liberal. Apply as above. 45-tf

WANTED—To travel with a SIDE SHOW, two good Comic Singers. Also, three young Ladies to sing and dance. None need apply who are not up to their business, good looking, and reliable. Address F. J. HOWES, 600 Broadway. 47-tf

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOHN C. HEENAN in citizens dress, and fighting costume, 25 cents each, and sent post paid by W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. 49-1t*

MRS. H. F. NICHOLS.—Will this lady please send her address to this office? 48-

AMUSEMENTS.

BENE EST RIDERE.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND,
AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY,
Are now meeting with
GREAT SUCCESS
In all the Western Cities,
On their route to
ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO,
Where they will appear during the present season,
INTRODUCING
THEIR GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
As performed only by these
AUTOCRATS OF ETHIOPIA,
THE MAMMOTH TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
In the ranks of this
ARMY OF ARTISTS
will be found
Five Original Comedians,
Nine Musicians,
Four Solo Singers,
Five Dancers,
And a host of Auxiliaries, to give due effect to their
ORIGINAL BURLESQUES.
The Best Quartet,
The Best Instrumentalists,
The Best Delineators, and
The Best Orchestra,
EVER KNOWN IN MINSTRELSY.
THE SUBSTANTIAL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY,
ALL IRON CLADS.
The Largest Halls in the Country
Are too small to accommodate
THE VAST CROWDS
Who flock to see
THE GREAT ORIGINALS.
The most Stupendous
Ethiopian Organization
EVER KNOWN.
THE MAMMOTH ADVERTISING
OF THIS
POPULAR TROUPE
Has marked an Era
in the
ANNALS OF BURNT CORK,
And caused our rivals to
STAND AGHAST!
HUGE BILL-BOARDS
have to be
CONSTRUCTED
To Display
The Twenty-five
PICTORIAL POSTERS
That announce
The Advent of
THESE SABLE STARS,
Preceded by the
PASTE BRIGADE.
Gen. J. D. NEWCOOMB,
Avant Courier.
Col. R. BRIGHAM BROWN,
Advertiser and Paragraphist.
Maj. O. UNDERWOOD.
Programme Wrestler,
C. A. BOYD, Leader.
FRANK BOWLES,
Leader of Brass Band.
G. W. BAILEY, Property Man.
Tickets, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
42- SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.

SIMMONS'S
STAR TROUPE OF MINSTRELS,
CONSISTING OF EIGHTEEN PERFORMERS,
WHO STAND WITHOUT A RIVAL,
"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, endeavor to deserve it."
The care exercised in the selection of every Artist, is a guarrantee to the public that every one engaged is a STAR.
UNNPRECEDENTED COMBINATION OF ARTISTS.
CONSOLIDATION IN REALITY
OF
TWO COMPANIES.
THE MODEL ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD,
Are now on a tour through the State of New York, on their way West. During the past week they have appeared to immense audiences, who have pronounced their performances truly humorous and side splitting; their language and actions of such a character that none, however fastidious, can possibly be offended, bespeaking Actors of the highest tone and perception.
THEIR SONGS, MELODIES, INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
AND DANCING,
Forming one of the most pleasing Entertainments ever offered, led by
LEW SIMMONS, the Unrivalled Banjoist.
SAMUEL COLE, WM. BLAKENEY, J. R. TAYLOR,
J. H. SAVAGE, D. RIST, G. GERMAIN,
J. H. SADLER, WM. BLYTHE, C. SMITH,
G. DROSKIN, F. WELLS, WM. WALTON,
GEO. SMITH, J. CHARLES, HARRY KENTON.
WM. NICHOLS, Treasurer.
Col. T. ALLSTON BROWN, Advertising Agent. 45-

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH,
PHILADELPHIA. PA.
R. FOX.....Sole Lessee.
THE STAR OF THE "CASINO" STILL IN THE ASCENDANT.
The Unerring Voice of the Public
PROCLAIMS THAT
FOX'S CASINO, FOX'S CASINO,
Is the most Respectable,
The most Comfortable, and
The most Popular place of Amusement
IN PHILADELPHIA.
"THE COMPANY"
The most Versatile,
The most Talented,
And the Largest,
THAT EVER APPEARED IN ANY MUSIC HALL
In the City.
Whatever is Great in the World of Talent, invariably finds a home at
FOX'S CASINO.
NOTE.—The above popular place of Amusement has now been in the tide of successful operation for upwards of Six Months, under the management of Mr. R. FOX, formerly Proprietor of CANTERBURY HALL, New York, during which period it has earned for itself the name which all other Managers have in vain tried to obtain, viz:
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL OF PHILADELPHIA.
Artists of real merit can find good engagements by applying either personally or by letter. Stars liberally treated with.
CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer and Business Manager. 46-tf

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS!
Composed of the following Talented Artists:—
R. S. RUMSEY, HARRY HAPGOOD, WM. PRICE,
W. H. BROCKWAY, H. BUTLER,
JULES STRATTON, O. P. PERRY,
O. H. CARTER, W. HERMAN,
GEO. WRIGHTMAN, THOS. DEVERELL,
JAS. GAYNOR, MASTER HENRY,
CARL SCHTLTZ, NED WEST.
This Troupe are now on a Tour, and will visit the principal cities throughout the East and West.
The best Quartette,
The best Comedians,
In the Minstrel Profession.
45-tf HARRY HAPGOOD, Agent.

ARTEMUS WARD'S
COMIC ORATIONS.
In answer to numerous propositions from the Proprietors of Public Halls to share receipts, Mr. BROWNE begs to respectfully state that he never makes arrangements of that kind. 47-4t*

HOWARD ATHÆNEUM,
BOSTON.
Ladies and Gentlemen wishing Engagements for the Spring Season, commencing on or about 11th May—and
☞ STARS wishing nights, will address the subscriber, care of CHARLES S. BERNARD & Co., 486 Broadway, cor. of Broome.
46-4t HENRY WILLARD, Lessee.

MELODEON, PITTSBURG, PA.—The Melodeon is the largest and most suitable Concert Hall in the city. The proprietor is at all times ready to engage first class talent suitable to his business. Terms liberal. Apply as above.
47-4t* WM. M. ALLEN, Sole Lessee and Manager.

ANDREW S. NEWTON,
L'ECHELLE PERILEUSE PERFORMER and HURDLE RIDER is desirous for an engagement for 1863.
Managers in search of the above talent will please address
ANDREW S. NEWTON, Care of A. Foss, Esq.,
47-3t* No. 7 Harvard street, Boston.

NOTICE.—Managers desiring the services of A. J. TALBOT, Ethiopian Comedian, and Miss EMMA MILES, the beautiful Danseuse, will address A. J. TALBOT, No. 14 Josephine street, Baltimore, Md. 48-2t*

WILLIAM NAYLOR, the Principal and Hurdle Act Rider, is now open to negotiate with Managers for the Spring. Address all letters to care of SAM MILLER, No. 331 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. 48-2t

ONLY BILL POSTERS IN BALTIMORE.—J. W. HARPER & Co., No. 3 North st. (basement.) 41-12t*

AMUSEMENTS.

CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut Street, above Eighth,
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
THE MAMMOTH MUSIC HALL OF THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ARTISTIC COMPANY IN AMERICA.
TONY PASTOR,
The celebrated Comic Singer and Jester.
M'LLE HELENE,
The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
The Great Ethiopian Trio
JNO. MULLIGAN, ANDY LEAVITT, and DENNY GALLAGHER.
MISS ERNESTINE DE FAIBER,
MISS KITTY BLANCHARD,
MR. J. C. WALLACE,
MISS CLARA BERGER, MR. MIKE McKENNA,
MISS JULIA PRICE, MR. GEORGE W. SMITH,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD, MR. C. McMILLAN,
MISS MAGGIE NICHOLS, MR. TOM VANCE,
MISS KATE HUGHES, MR. C. W. PARKER.
MISS KATE HAMILTON, MR. JNO. RITTER,
MISS ROSA SMITH, AMELIA KELMIRE, LUCY STONE,
ALICE LEACH, LUCY HAMILTON, CAROLINE MILLER.
ANNIE ELDRIDGE, C. MORTON,
And the Famous Court of Beauty,
THE GREAT CONTINENTAL CORPS DE BALLET.
ADMISSION,

Parquet.....	25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes...	50 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....	37 cts.	Gallery.....	10 cts.
Lower Private Boxes....	$3 00	Colored Boxes.....	25 cts.
Upper Private Boxes....	$2 00	Colored Gallery.....	15 cts.

Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 46-tf

THEY HAVE GONE.
COL. ELLINGER,
With his Troupe of Living Wonders, have gone to Canada,
WITH THE FAMOUS
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE,
COMMODORE FOOTE
AND
COL. SMALL,
Whose diminutive size and brilliant performance have astonished more people than any other Prodigies that have ever been introduced before the public. The whole world is challenged, not EXCEPTING P. T. BARNUM,
FOR 40,000!
To produce his equal in
AGE, SIZE, WEIGHT, AND EDUCATION,
OF
COMMODORE FOOTE,
The most Extraordinary Man in Miniature of the age, being 22 years old, 28 inches high, and weighs 22 pounds.
These Wonderful Curiosities have just arrived direct from New Orleans and Havana, where they have concluded the most successful engagement in the annals of Amusement.
The Commodore is
SMALLER, LIGHTER, BETTER FORMED,
AND
FAR BETTER EDUCATED,
Than either TOM THUMB or COM. NUTT,
All of which BARNUM, the PRINCE OF SHOWMEN, is forced to acknowledge, from the evidence of his sending his agent to Fort Wayne, Indiana, to engage the Commodore at any price.
Any letters accepting Challenge, will reach me at the New York CLIPPER Office. WM. ELLINGER,
47-tf Preceptor Com. Foote and Col. Small.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
THOS. MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
SAM WELLS.....Musical Director.
SIGNOR ABECCO,
W. O'NEIL,
BILLY BIRCH,
BEN COTTON,
TOMMY PEEL,
SAM WELLS, W. M. BARKER,
JOE MABBOTT, T. F. BARNWELL,
MISS JENNIE MANDEVILLE,
MISS ALICIA MANDEVILLE,
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